The Nation.

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The Week.

The cruellest suggestion yet made regarding the best way to reconcile the differences between the Payne bill and the Aldrich bill, comes from the White House. Unite the good features of each, and then improve the resulting combination, is the startling proposal of the President. Certain Dingley duties were cut in the House bill, others in the Senate; agree to accept both sets, and afterwards cut some more. This seems a natural thing to do, but we presume that Mr. Taft is not so innocent of the guile of tariff-making as would appear from his urging this course. It is the bad features of two rival bills upon which agreement is easiest and most common. The President may not remember the historic conflict between House and Senate about the duty on coal. The House had voted 25 cents a ton, the Senate 50. Neither would recede. So they compromised on 75 cents a ton! If Macaulay had been well informed about the process of framing protective tariffs, he could have laid heavier emphasis on the assertion that government consists of compromise. The Democrats at Washington are ready to compromise everything, beginning with their principles.

"During the month, Taft has lost the confidence of Roosevelt and of the loyal Roosevelt following." This is the pained announcement which the readers of several Western newspapers found confronting them simultaneously on April 5. A special dispatch from Washington to the papers comprised in the Scripps-McRae League, and several others in the Central West, gave the sorrowful details. Under the heading, "Roosevelt's Policies Are in the Ditch for Sure," this Washington spokesman for "the people who loved and followed Roosevelt," accumulates the damning evidence. It has to do chiefly with President Taft's surrounding himself with corporation attorneys. Wall Street, it appears, is once more in control of "the machinery of government that HANDLES PROSECUTIONS." In many other ways, during one short month in office, Taft has made "a studied effort to repudiate the things for which his predecessor stood." And there can be but one result:

> Yes; the storm is bound to break. The friends of Roosevelt have clung tenaciously to the hope that they might yet remain the friends of Taft. They have held their judgment in abeyance. They have refrained from criticism. They have thought up explanations and apologies on their own account. They have even gone in person and voiced their fears and criticisms at the White House. But to no purpose. Taft has made it clear that his alliances are not with Roosevelt's friends.

Nor is the disappointment confined to the friends. This veracious and inspired chronicler asserts of his own knowledge that "Roosevelt carried a sad heart away." He had "suffered from the deepest wound known to man"—ingratitude. Yet "the former President was game," and "kept up a cheerful front"; but:

> The friends of Taft will seek in vain for any spoken or written word which puts the endorsement of Roosevelt on the actions of the present occupant of the White House. . . . President Taft and President Roosevelt have said their political farewells.

All the Washington correspondents are said to know that the facts are as stated.

This outbreak has its amusing aspects, but we advise nobody to think it merely laughing matter. The readers of the cheap and widely circulated newspapers in which this prediction of impending rupture appears, take it, we may be sure, with the utmost seriousness. It only voices, in fact, what thousands and thousands of ardent Roosevelteans, particularly in the West, have been saying under their breath. They are bitterly disappointed in Taft. Why, the man goes ahead exactly as if he did not exist by grace of another. Nothing could appear further from his thoughts than the idea of being simply an obedient place-warmer. He even listens complacently when people acclaim him with cries of eight years in the Presidency. Could anything be more preposterous to the inner circle of Rooseveltian intimates? That they confidently reckon upon a restoration in 1912 is an open secret. Any other political forecast they have been in the habit of dismissing with scorn. Until recently, they have counted upon Taft's willingness to make way gracefully for his distinguished predecessor-successor. But of late their faith has been rudely shaken. The severest jar was given to these ever loyal, ever hopeful, by the appointment of Frank Hitchcock as Postmaster-General. To them it meant only one thing: President Taft was preparing to hold the Southern delegates in the next national convention. This was not only insubordination, but very nearly foul play. It was so well settled that the holding up of Mr. Roosevelt's little finger would bring Southern Republicans trooping to his support, that deliberately to build up a Taft machine in the South is almost treason. It has been felt to be fully such by all that band of idolatrous hangers-on who are only living until "he comes back." They look for Republican defeat in the State and Congressional elections of next year, and then there will be such a loud call for the old invincible leader, that nothing can prevent his riding in again. That President Taft should venture to have other plans is the really enraging thing. Corporation counsel in the Cabinet might be condoned, but a search for popularity and for delegates can never be forgiven.

If President Taft sticks, in his army appointments, to the policy he has indicated by his first selections announced on Saturday, he will do much to restore happiness to a discontented service. For the first vacancy as brigadier-general, he chose an excellent officer, Col. Jacob A. Augur, Tenth Cavalry, the senior of his grade, who unfortunately died on Sunday. Next he picked Col. J. G. D. Knight of the Engineers, a most worthy member of that expert corps; and finally Col. Marion P. Maus, Twentieth Infantry, whose abilities were long ago recognized and rewarded by Gen. Miles. For the coming vacancy in the rank of major-general, Mr. Taft designates Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carter, again the senior in his grade, excepting Gen. Funston, who for some years past has been regularly and properly jumped. Not one of these officers advanced is a Rough Rider, or has been in any way personally affiliated with the present President. It will also be observed

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that Augur, Maus, and Knight are full colonels, not captains or majors, as was so often the case under the last administration. No mere civilian can fully appreciate what a great feeling of relief and encouragement this fact will bring to the army, which asks only that senior officers of merit be advanced to the prized positions. Exceptional promotions in war-time for special achievements there will always be. But if there ever comes a time when not a single one of the forty-three line colonels proves fit for a generalcy, it will mean that there is something radically wrong with the whole army.

Some of the President's ideas respecting diplomatic appointments, as explained in Washington dispatches, are excellent; but some give us pause. Mr. Taft is not looking for rich men as such. He would prefer in an ambassador a long head over a long purse. Nor does the President intend to be in haste about dealing out the diplomatic offices. He would also like to relieve those now filling them acceptably from the haunting fear that their heads may be any day cut off. All this is well; but the disquiet begins when we hear about "obligations inherited from the last administration," and debts to politicians, and also when we consider some of the appointments already made or offered. These do not seem to argue that the President is exercising as great care and independence in selecting diplomats as he did in choosing his Cabinet, or as he has announced that he will exercise in nominating judges. Yet neither he nor the country can afford to have our representation abroad made to appear a matter of indifference, much less a part of the spoils system. We trust, therefore, that the unpleasant rumors afloat in Washington respecting the intentions of the administration, are unfounded. The offer of the Chinese mission to ex-Senator Fulton of Oregon was doubly ill-advised, but it now appears to be probable that China would not receive him, even if he wished to go to the land of those Chinese whom he had violently attacked in his own country.

No one mentioned Castro at the dinner of the Bureau of American Republics last week at Washington; yet Castro must have been in pretty nearly everybody's mind. The dinner was well-timed. The United States has just got through with a little affair of South American politics which only a few years ago would have aroused violent resentment and talk about the dangerous ambitions of those Yankees. Our government has taken it upon itself to keep Castro out of Venezuela. To that end it has enlisted the coöperation of every other foreign government in the Caribbean. Our action is possibly open to criticism from the strictly legalistic point of view. Yet we have been able to send Castro packing back to Europe and to prevent almost certain civil war in Venezuela, because nowadays there is no danger that our motives will be construed into a dreadful conspiracy against the liberties of South America. The Brazilian Ambassador welcomed in Secretary Knox the inheritor of the policy of Secretary Root. That policy has its very justification in such an exchange of views as took place at the dinner. For it would not be an exaggeration to describe John Barrett's state dinner as an informal ratification by the Latin-American diplomats of what we have recently done for South American peace.

Pike and Daviess Counties, Indiana, do not border on Kentucky; they lie in the second and third tiers back from the Ohio River. Their farmers have probably never seen a real live Night Rider from the tobacco country. But Kentucky's recent civil strife has taught afar the art of coercion. Raking fields, burning barns, and torturing defenceless men and women in the dead of night are easy tricks. It is only necessary that a dozen stalwart rascals agree, and the whole countryside is at their mercy. Indiana's new marauders are trying to establish their own schedule of land rentals. If they succeed, and it is by no means impossible, another county's ruffians may attempt to regulate village taxes, or even the high-school curriculum. The great tobacco war may never be repeated anywhere in the country; but its miniatures will appear, again and again, in such outbursts of organized crime as Pike and Daviess Counties have been witnessing. And each of these uprisings must remind us what a heavy price we are paying for having dealt gently with lawlessness. Had Kentucky stamped out her Night Riders in their first anarchy, Indiana would not now be vexed.

Two hundred of the "best citizens" of Ada, Oklahoma, had on Monday the stern civic duty to perform of lynching three citizens of Texas, who were, at home, "popular among the best class of citizens." When best meets best, then comes the tug of the lynching rope. The whole account reads like a wild burlesque—a mixture of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the *Police Gazette*, and a stage extravaganza. We cannot undertake to judge of the local conditions or of the alleged crimes which led to this culmination, but regarding the net effect there can be no doubt: it is to make this country seem to foreigners the home of savages, and to cause all our protests against lawlessness in Turkey or inhumanity in Russia to appear like a huge joke.

Cæsar putting away the crown is nothing to a philanthropist removing his halo. Yet Judge Gary has taken off the one that President Roosevelt conferred upon him in November, 1907. At the annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation, the chairman of the board declared that the account which Mr. Roosevelt had given of the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was "not entirely accurate." In a letter to his Attorney-General, dated November 4, 1907, the President stated that Messrs. Gary and Frick "inform me that, as a mere business transaction, they do not care to purchase the [Tennessee] stock; that under ordinary circumstances, they would not consider purchasing the stock; . . . but they feel that it is immensely to their interest, as to the interest of every responsible business man, to try to prevent a panic and general industrial smash-up." There stood revealed the noblest financial altruism, and Messrs. Gary and Frick have been ever since trying to hide their blushes from the country. But the blushing was left off when Judge Gary told his stockholders that "Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the situation" was "not quite correct," since, in fact, the Steel Corporation had been negotiating for the Tennessee Company long before the panic, and considered it an excellent purchase. Philanthropy is good, but truth is better. Yet the Steel Corporation officials may find it hard to

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make an incredulous public believe that they did *not* act from purely disinterested motives. President Roosevelt asserted that they did, and they cannot contradict him without leaving that astute enemy of monopolists in a most embarrassing position.

The senior of '09 is now casting about for a niche in the world. If he is studious, he perhaps tries to win a college post. It would be well for him to remember, however, that the school of lower grade is no longer a mere waiting-room for people in search of better opportunities; it has its own openings. Few college men realize what they might accomplish, were they to train for school management or for high-school teaching. President Eliot spoke in the fulness of wisdom the other evening, when he urged Harvard undergraduates to engage in these lines of work, adding that they are "worthy of an accomplished man of letters or of science, or a gifted administrator." More than 10,000 high schools are now open; many of them are as large as universities, more prosperous than some, and more advanced than our fathers' colleges were. Signs are abundant, too, that they will one day become, in popular esteem as well as in fact, the centre of the American educational system. But even if this does not happen, they will certainly be numerous and strong enough to reward fittingly the man who trains himself for their work.

It is to be hoped that the Assembly will speedily concur with the Senate in passing the bill to prohibit the publishing of betting odds in the newspapers. The measure would effectually expose a pet hypocrisy of certain papers, and force them to discontinue its daily exhibition. While professing to be against gambling, they encourage it; some even of those who advocated the suppression of public gambling at the race tracks are doing what they can to promote it in the poolrooms. A little legal compulsion laid upon these inconsistent journalists would do them good. But the public benefit is the main thing, and this would obviously be compassed by the prohibition of these daily hints to gamblers. They come distinctly under the head of provocations to crime, with the suppression of which the Legislature may properly deal.

If Abdul Hamid goes down at last, as the chances stand at the present moment, it will be very appropriately in a welter of bloodshed. The tale of the slaughtered in the eight-day massacre in Asia Minor is mounting to dreadful proportions. Five thousand is estimated to be the number of dead in the vilayet of Adana. To no other cause can the outbreak at present be assigned than to the ruthless despot on whose head is the blood which has run in Armenia, in Bulgaria, and in the streets of Constantinople. It has been said that Europe has had a softer heart for the Sultan than his own subjects. It was largely in deference to European opinion that the leaders of last summer's revolution allowed him to keep the throne and life. Short shrift with Abdul Hamid at that time would probably have cost far less blood than has been poured out during the last week; and the tempest of Moslem fanaticism which has been set raging in Asia Minor is not yet checked. The Young Turks have their work made easier by the news from Asia Minor.

If a juster scale of values in heroism were prevalent among us, the deaths of the two missionaries at Adana, Turkey, would not pass with so little mention. They were killed "in the line of duty," as naval reports run, but only because the line of their duty, as they conceived it, covered every demand of Christian self-sacrifice. While trying to extinguish the flames in the house of an old Turkish woman, Daniel Miner Rogers and Mr. Maurer were shot by the blindly infuriated mob. It was a death as glorious in spirit as Gen. Gordon's—giving up life to save the feeble and friendless—and we may be sure that the recording angel will not be misled by the absence of newspaper glorification.

Since Webster, in a moment of exhilaration, undertook to pay the national debt out of his own pocket, nothing so magnificent has been seen as the offer of L. J. Maxse to the Chancellor of the British Exchequer to build a Dreadnought. He is the well-known editor of the *National Review*, furiously anti-German and tremendously bellicose. It is true that Mr. Maxse forwarded his cheque for only £200, and Dreadnoughts cost slightly more; but the point was that this showed, in Mr. Maxse's own words, that "the government can get all the money they want by a frank appeal to the patriotism of the nation." Mr. Lloyd-George's reply, however, was rather cruel. He admitted Mr. Maxse's exalted patriotism, but somewhat questioned his good judgment. The Chancellor reminded the editor that "the willingness of the taxpayer to contribute is not, as you appear to think, the proper measure of the burdens to be imposed upon him by the government." It is just as culpable to rush into unnecessary expenditure as it is to neglect national defence. In determining the true policy to be followed, wrote Mr. Lloyd-George, responsible statesmen should not be influenced by "journalistic clamor." With this significant glance at the furibund editor, the Chancellor returned his cheque. Mr. Maxse is, he lets it be known, to "devote it to some other patriotic purpose." Possibly, to the campaign fund of the Conservatives. If you can't build eight Dreadnoughts for £200, you can at least help turn out the Liberals.

In Germany, the government has recovered a good deal of lost prestige through its diplomatic success in the Balkan difficulty. It was also helped by England's flurry over German naval development and by the contrast between the angry debates in the British Parliament and the passing of the naval estimates by the Reichstag without debate. Yet official and Conservative organs are now warning the Germans not to boast as if their own troubles were surmounted. Financial legislation has as yet come to nothing, though the need of covering the huge deficits and providing new revenue is urgent. The fight over that question will go on through the summer. To date, the government has had, as even the *Norddeutscher Zeitung* admits, only a series of failures. Still more significant is the present attitude of the *Kreuz Zeitung*. It strongly advocates seeking an agreement with England regarding "naval construction." Germany, it argues, is in no financial position to build and maintain a fleet to cope with England's in war. And it sensibly adds that to endeavor to arrive at an understanding with England would be a proof "not of weakness, but of wisdom." Such advances bear out what we said last week about the opportunity of Anglo-German diplomacy.

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SENATOR ALDRICH'S BUDGET.

If the country were to judge Senator Aldrich's speech of Monday solely on the basis of the general principles it propounds, it would in many respects deserve high praise. Unlike most Congressional "budget speeches," Mr. Aldrich's has something to say about adjusting expenditure to income. That "the rapidity with which our national expenditures have increased within the last three years is a source of anxiety, if not alarm"; that "there are periods . . . when the spirit of extravagance pervades the atmosphere and the public money is scattered right and left, often without reference to the results to be secured"; that the appropriations of the last session were such that nothing can "relieve Congress from responsibility for their unprecedented extravagance"; and that "no excuse whatever can be found for similar legislation in the future"—these are not new doctrines to careful students of public finance. But it is well that they should be declared thus bluntly on the floor of Congress itself, and from so influential a quarter. The manner in which some of the proposals for direct taxation, with estimates of enormous productiveness, have been thrown out in Congress, might well encourage Congressional spendthrifts to imagine that, somehow or other, all their drafts on the public purse will be met without difficulty. This easy optimism Mr. Aldrich at least is wise enough to avoid.

In certain other respects, however, his speech will encounter and will merit severe criticism. One comment will be inevitable—namely, that his indignation over the appropriations for the coming fiscal year is a little belated. Why did we not hear something about the responsibility of Congress, the pervading spirit of extravagance, and the anxiety if not alarm which it inspired, when the appropriation bills were before the Senate, two or three months ago? We recall one or two meekly deprecatory remarks upon the subject, to which the Senators listened much as they did to the prayer at the opening of the day's proceedings, and that was the end of it. Mr. Aldrich's declaration of Monday, then, that the appropriations "could have been reduced at least $50,000,000 without impairing the efficiency of the public service," and that when the country is confronted with a deficit, it is "the imperative duty of Congress to reduce expenditures and make them conform to actual revenue conditions," sounds curiously like an afterthought. We hope, however, that the afterthought will be pressed on Congress in the future.

But when we come to Senator Aldrich's actual budget of revenue and expenditure, under his committee's tariff measure, it is necessary to look at details rather than generalities. Warranted or unwarranted, the appropriations for the twelvemonth beginning with next July are made. It is the present business of a budget committee to make sure that the revenue will meet them, and we are not by any means certain that Senator Aldrich's plans will accomplish this.

To begin with, his estimates are pervaded with that spirit of happy-go-lucky confidence to which was largely due the very size of the appropriation bills which he condemns. When Mr. Aldrich figures out the probable yield, under his schedules, he assumes that the import trade will be the same as in 1907, which was "the last year in which the finances and business of this country were in a normal condition." That is to say, a year which all business men have agreed in pronouncing a period of trade inflation, a year in which economic experts have shown that the demands of industry had so far overstrained the facilities of capital and credit as to precipitate worldwide financial trouble, is to be taken as the norm of the country's foreign trade. Now in the history of finance nothing is more familiar than the fact that the tide of excessive imports which invariably precedes a serious panic, does not rise to such a height again for many years. The country's import trade of the fiscal year 1873 was not again approached until 1880; not until 1902 did imports reach the volume of 1893. Yet Senator Aldrich calmly looks for customs revenue on the basis of the trade for the twelvemonth ending June, 1907.

His reason for this assumption is singular: "We can feel the change in the air." But trade movements which gentlemen feel in the air or in their bones are not the safest basis for the fiscal plans of a great government. That the import trade last month increased with great rapidity, and with it the customs revenue, is a fact, and the main cause of that increase, reduced stocks of imported merchandise, is correctly stated by Mr. Aldrich. When, however, the Senator jumps to his next conclusion, and asserts that "it must be conceded that the era of prosperity which commenced the first part of March is likely to continue uninterruptedly with the enactment of wise tariff legislation," he is indulging in curious language for a financial expert. This sort of cocksure prediction belongs to the Stock Exchange, and not in the halls of legislation.

The assertion that "there can be no reasonable question of the sufficiency of the Senate bill to provide adequate revenue" is quite of a piece with this childlike assurance. We can scarcely believe that Congress will approach the further consideration of the problem in such a spirit. As to the actual yield under the new schedules, it is impossible to speak definitely until the numerous clauses of the Senate bill which the finance committee has left for further deliberation are filled out. It is right that the question of avoiding excessive revenue should be as carefully considered as that of avoiding a deficit; and plans for direct taxation ought to be severely scrutinized with a view to escaping both contingencies. But it is equally necessary to avoid the pitfalls of blind and hasty optimism. Senator Daniel's declaration for the Opposition that he will "vote first of all to raise revenue," and next "to lift every burden of taxation off the people that can be eliminated with just regard to the conditions in which we legislate," is the only programme that is rational.

NAVY-YARD REORGANIZATION.

If it will but centre the attention of the new Secretary of the Navy upon the need of radical reorganization, we shall be inclined to thank the nine line officers at League Island for their pamphlet criticisms of the recent changes in navy-yard administration. They are not, it now appears, to face courts-martial for the peculiar method which they took to air their views—a method not, however, altogether unheard-of in naval annals, for similar acts in the past have brought about important changes. But the need of the hour is a complete overhauling of our naval manufacturing methods, that millions may be saved and the efficiency of

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the fleet at the same time increased. We care not who gives the impetus, so long as Mr. Meyer can be made to comprehend the needs of the service and the magnificent opportunities which lie before him. Mr. Taft, it is said, has impressed each member of his Cabinet with his desire to make his government famous for its efficiency and its economy. But no other departmental head has such plain sailing as Mr. Meyer—if he will but steer by the proper charts.

Since Mr. Newberry, despite his brief term of office, was fully aware of the reforms needed, and had grappled with those relating to the navy yards with marked success, many naval officers were disappointed that he was not retained by Mr. Taft, and with him the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Satterlee. The officers argued, plausibly enough, that the incoming officials, however skilled in administration, would naturally need some time to become familiar with their duties and to understand the innumerable currents and cross-currents in the department which have stranded and left helpless more than one civilian head. But since Mr. Meyer was one of the two members of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet reappointed by Mr. Taft, these officers felt that the President must have specially chosen Mr. Meyer for the Augean task of cleaning up the department, reorganizing the navy yards, and then making the staff lion and the line lamb lie down together in peace. Hence they, too, will not regret the offence of the nine officers at Philadelphia, if it should compel the new Secretary to make plain his endorsement of the Newberry reforms.

These are worth recalling. It has long been a scandal that the five manufacturing bureaus of the department have had in nearly every yard their own separate plants. Thus, until recently, there were at the Brooklyn yard five blacksmith shops, five joiner shops, five carpenter shops, at least three foundries, as many paint-shops, etc., etc. It is not necessary to point out the waste this involved or the number of sinecures it created. Conceived as a whole, any navy yard is but one great plant, not a group of five competitive plants. What private enterprise could exist if it employed five master founders instead of one, five carpenter foremen instead of one, and five head blacksmiths instead of one, and so on throughout its force? The absurdity of the thing was at once apparent to Mr. Newberry, and he ordered the consolidation of all these shops and their management by one responsible head, who might be termed the "manufacturing manager" of the yard.

Unfortunately, Mr. Newberry limited the officers eligible to this new post to those of the corps of naval constructors—and the fight with the line was on at once. This is just the point that has so stirred the Philadelphia officers. With amazing ignorance of the large savings already made, and of the great profit to the sea-going officers resulting from the new methods, they want a return to the old system; so long as there are separate bureaus in Washington, they want separate establishments at the navy yards, and the whole managed not by a naval constructor, but by a sea-going or line officer. They ignore the fact that the commandant, a sea-going officer, remains the superior of that manufacturing director (the naval constructor); and that the commandant is now, for the first time, a real executive, and not merely a man who signs his name to papers several hundred times a day. They fail to see that, for the first time, the captain of a ship in a navy yard knows what is going to be done to his vessel; that one gang of laborers of the Bureau of Equipment, ordered to run electric-wire conduits, does not sit down and wait in idleness until another gang comes from the Bureau of Construction shops to drill the necessary holes. Moreover, for the first time, the captain of a ship is inspector of the work done on it, and is asked to report any laborers who loaf on their jobs. Ten days were saved in fitting the Chester for sea at Brooklyn as soon as the new system was tried.

Now what is needed in Philadelphia is not a court-martial—our naval officers ought to be as free to express their views about things and methods, in the proper way, as are English naval officers, who never hesitate to criticise the Admiralty in the London *Times*—but a sound lecturing from Mr. Meyer to set them right. He might well aid in clearing the atmosphere by modifying Mr. Newberry's restriction of the post of manufacturing director to the Construction Corps and specifying that any officer of any corps could be made director if only he had the necessary ability. Even civilians of merit might be appointed—though this suggestion wrings tears from the nine recalcitrants at Philadelphia. What the public wants is efficient and economical navy yards; what insignia of rank and corps the manufacturing director is to wear it cares not at all. Mr. Meyer will, we trust, make it clear when he comes to Brooklyn, as he now plans to do in the near future, that he is on the side of reform and economy. If he will but perfect the workings of the Newberry system, he will then be free to attack—if he can—the greater question of the unnecessary Senatorial navy yards, and insist that they be closed and millions more saved.

THE RURAL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The Southern Educational Conference, which met last week in Atlanta, devoted no little time to the needs and opportunities of the small rural industrial schools, those miniature Hamptons and Tuskegees which are springing up all over the country in surprising numbers—for example, such institutions as Calhoun at Calhoun, Alabama; Kowaliga, in the same State, and Okolona, in Mississippi—all of which are doing a most useful work thoroughly deserving of support. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that collectors for both white and colored schools of this character fairly overrun our Northern cities and almost fall over one another in their quest for funds.

Unfortunately, there is no board or fund which deals expressly with schools of this character. When the Southern Education Board began, and was followed by Mr. Rockefeller's princely gifts to the General Education Board, it was thought that the rural industrial schools would be the chief beneficiaries. But the Rockefeller money is now flowing in other directions, largely to established universities and colleges; we have only recently heard of a gift to a small negro school—$5,000 to Kowaliga, to which Mr. Carnegie has added a similar sum. Indeed, Hampton and Tuskegee have both suffered in consequence of the General Board's millions; many contributors appear to think that no further aid from them is needed; and the smaller schools have

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labored under a similar misunderstanding. The Southern Education Board devotes itself to educational campaigns in Southern States, and has had great success in improving public-school conditions there. The Jeanes Fund aids only the rural one-teacher public school. Thus merely the Slater Fund, with its limited means, interests itself to any extent in the rural industrial school; for the Peabody Fund, which might have been kept intact for this useful purpose, is to be distributed, a good part going to a teachers' training school in Tennessee.

To our mind, the work of these rural and industrial institutions is of such great moment to whites and blacks alike that no philanthropist could to-day invest a large sum more wisely than by endowing a board which should primarily interest itself in their development. Many of these country schools, like that at Manassas, Virginia, are the result of genuine self-denial and sacrifice on the part of the colored people; others like Lyman Ward's at Camp Hill, Alabama, and Miss Martha Berry's at Rome, Georgia, represent similar praiseworthy exertions on the part of Southern white leaders. All of the schools are developing in a more or less haphazard way, some with exclusively white teachers, some with mixed faculties, and others with only colored instructors and managers. In some, particular stress is given to agricultural training; in others, the manual industries receive especial attention. In few, if any, have the book-learning and hand training been properly coördinated; while many are entirely without proper systems of bookkeeping and accounting. Hardly any insist upon fixed standards for entrance or graduation or make sure that the pupil who carries away a certificate is at least a master of the fundamental three R's.

Each new school for lack of intelligent supervision and direction by some central body falls into precisely the errors of its predecessors. Some institutions, like Okolona, are self-supporting; others do not know how to use their resources to this end. Again, there are several places where two such schools exist with a wasteful and needless duplication of work similar to that at Atlanta, where no less than three weak and struggling institutions are competing for the higher education of the negro. It must be admitted, too, that some of the rural schools that appeal for aid are in no wise entitled to it. There is an impostor named John J. Smallwood, for instance, who lives well on his collections for a school that does not exist, and a "Georgia Nautical School" for negroes is perpetually in being—that its founder may live comfortably on the contributions he collects.

A board especially charged with the interests of genuine schools of this kind would be in a position to drive out impostors, to raise scholastic standards, to prescribe a system of bookkeeping, and a form for financial statements, by giving or withholding its approval and gifts, just as the Carnegie pension fund has made numerous colleges raise their entrance examinations in order to qualify for pensions for its teachers. By acting as a clearing-house for information, a central board could be of enormous value in placing the experiences of one school at the disposition of others, and it could intelligently advise as to what is now becoming the most important feature of these small industrial schools—their community extension work. Through allied land companies, through farmers' conferences, mothers' meetings, and teachers' institutes, Manassas, Kowaliga, Calhoun, Utica, and others in every State of the old Confederacy are extending their influences a thousand-fold—again after the manner of Hampton and Tuskegee—by blazing the way to prosperity for poor white and poor black alike, and often breaking down the barriers of prejudice between the races. Surely, so great a work ought not to be allowed to languish or to develop in haphazard fashion.

UNCONSCIOUS PIRATES.

It was doubtless what Paley called an "undesigned coincidence," but nevertheless it is a striking one, that the government's final attempt to have the courts declare the Standard Oil Company a wicked monopoly and an outlaw, should have been made in the same week in which the head of the Standard published his *apologia pro vita sua.* At St. Louis, the counsel for the Department of Justice were calling Mr. Rockefeller a pirate, who for years had flown the black flag, at the very time when he himself was coming before the world in a book simply agush with the milk of human kindness. If he was ever a pirate, he certainly appears in it as a man who could outdo the gentlest Stockton or Gilbert and Sullivan buccaneer in knitting or any other fireside art.

We have no intention of discussing Mr. Rockefeller's "Reminiscences" in detail. It is not the place to go for real information about the rise and achievements of the Standard Oil Company. Of all that, he but skims the surface. The interest of his book is not historical nor industrial nor financial, but psychological and moral. We spoke of it as an *apologia*, but in his mind it is nothing of the kind. He is sublimely unaware that there is anything to be apologized for. He does, indeed, speak with pain and protest of the fact that some of his honored associates have been charged with "grave faults"—to quote his mild-mannered phrase. As regards his own career, however, no reader of his book who had no other sources of information, would dream that the writer felt anything but humble satisfaction and joy in the noble example which, by the grace of God, he had been able to set before ingenuous and aspiring American youth. Nor can we regard this as a mere assumption of virtue. Only a great literary artist would be able to feign innocence so completely, and to sustain it so successfully to the end of the last chapter; but Mr. Rockefeller is an artless writer. Our inference is that his pages are simply the genuine expression of his real attitude of mind If he is or has been a pirate, he is as unconscious a one as ever drew breath.

Such a phenomenon as he and others like him present, throws us back upon our definitions, and forces us to scrutinize human nature. If a whole system has been built up on the philosophy of the unconscious, it is only fair to ask if the men whom we call wicked, may not be quite oblivious of their wickedness. As there are glad souls without reproach or blot who do God's will and know it not, so may there not be the other kind, who do the Devil's work and know it not? Granting that a man may be, in actual fact, a devourer of widows' houses and an oppressor of the poor, we are not to imagine that he begins his day by asking himself: "What villany shall I be able to execute ere set of sun?" He does not look about for a given widow whose property

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he may take away by nightfall, or gloat over a definite orphan whose pittance he thinks he may get into his own pocket before going to bed. If even pickpockets and burglars go about their jobs with an absorbed sense of merely pursuing the business by which they live, we must be prepared to admit a certain degree of the same unconsciousness, or overlooking, of evil in those who wreck railroads, loot banks, or destroy the property of a rival.

It is clear, too, that a man whose business practices have made him disliked or even execrated, may move through the world pretty nearly ignorant of the opinion of his fellow-men. He has few means of finding it out. The newspapers, he may make it a boast, with Mr. Balfour, that he never reads; or, if he does read them, he discovers in them so much that is exaggerated, sensational, or false, that he sees no reason why he should pay any attention to what they say about himself. And even when he is dimly aware of a certain outside hostility, which he easily sets down to misunderstanding or slander, he is able to fall back upon unfailing appreciation and admiration among his intimates—and it is the world in actual touch with us which makes up, for most of us, that external conscience which we so readily transform into the voice within.' The unjust magnate knows little or nothing, by any outward sign, of his injustice. In his office and in directors' meetings, his dependents fawn upon him and his associates flatter him. His family hangs upon him in affection. In church he is consulted and deferred to, with no one to suggest, as the English lord did to the bishop, that he would do well to indulge in "piety of a less ostentatious character." Wrapped up in his large projects, delighting in the game of money-making for its own sake, surrounded by friends, overwhelmed by college presidents with expressions of that gratitude which consists in the expectation of favors to come—how can it be wondered at that such a man, his sensibilities which were never delicate grown callous with long absorption in affairs, should be blandly unconscious of what the world thinks him to be or of what he really is?

Fortunately, both social laws and the statutes deal with overt acts, not with a state of soul. If we had to be sure that a monopolist had to be acutely conscious of sin, or a devastator of industry stricken through with remorse, before he could be properly convicted or punished, the worst of the lawless rich could count upon going scot free. A man may smile and be a villain; an industrial pirate may think he has the face of a saint, to go with his devout thoughts. But the law does not undertake to read the hearts of men. If the Federal courts decide that the Standard Oil Company is a piratical organization, the fact that its head is all unwitting of piracy will alter neither the judgment nor the penalty.

THE MINOR TONGUES.

The New York State Board of Regents has just added Biblical Hebrew to its examination list. There is no reason why it should not have done so. Our law students and medical students, intent on passing off their preliminary "counts," will undoubtedly find it just as easy to forget the Pentateuch and the Song of Songs as they do Cæsar's Commentaries, the Æneid, and the Anabasis. But in the action of the Regents something more than a delicate compliment to our growing Hebrew citizenship was probably intended. The Hebrew language, as a spoken tongue, may be practically dead. Yet as the language of the Jewish ritual and the most common branch of elementary education among the orthodox, Hebrew is sufficiently familiar to give the ordinary Jewish student a decided advantage over the outsider. And this aside from the fact that many Hebrew words in corrupt form enter into Yiddish, which is still the dialect of a very large part of the Jewish population of New York city. A generation or two hence, when the children of our Italian and Greek immigrants begin to flock to the colleges, they will have a similar legitimate advantage in their tussle with Cæsar and Xenophon.

The vitality of Yiddish and, indeed, the struggle of the smaller nations for the preservation of their native language constitutes one of the most significant features of contemporary European history. Sentiment and practical reasons are both involved. The Poles in East Prussia, the Ruthenians and the Poles in Russia, the Czechs and Germans in Bohemia, the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Serbs in Turkey, the Flemings in Belgium, the rival French and German factions in Alsace-Lorraine, are actuated in part by national pride, in part by clear recognition of the fact that a common language is one of the firmest bonds of national existence, but in part also by the desire for material advantage. A Czech or a Greek-speaking population means that, whoever holds the reins of power, there will be need of a certain number of Czech-speaking or Greek-speaking officials, judges, priests, journalists, and school-teachers. The preservation of its language thus means to a subject race the preservation of an irreducible minimum of local self-government and a chance to grow up into something else than tax-paying hewers of wood and drawers of water. At the same time, a language is the most easily defended of all national treasures. Land, liberty, opportunity may all be taken away, but not even German ingenuity has as yet found a perfect device for making a conquered race hold its tongue. And the forbidden speech, so easily defended, is also easily passed on. The Polish landowner in Prussia can never feel sure that his son will hold the estate after him. But to drill a child in his father's speech may mean insurance of patriotism for a generation.

Thus habit, sentiment, ambition, worldly prudence, are all concerned in the modern strife of tongues. Subject peoples cling to the language they have inherited, as the Poles, the Flemings, and the southern Slavs do; or bring back to life forgotten languages of their own, as the Irish with Gaelic and the Jews in Russia with Hebrew; or attempt to purify and ennoble the common vernacular, as the Greeks did in the early nineteenth century, as the Rumanians are doing at the present day, and as the Jews, again, in this country and in Europe are doing with the Yiddish dialect. The Yiddish newspapers in New York city circulate probably a quarter of a million copies. There is a respectable Yiddish literature and a more than respectable Yiddish drama. Yet of recent years Jewish writers have grown discontented with the medium to which they are bound. Upon a double foundation of German and Hebrew, the Yiddish has piled up treasure-trove from every language with which the race in the course of its chequered history during the last five

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hundred years has come into contact. Limited in vocabulary and almost devoid of fixed grammatical structure, the dialect would not respond to the uses which ambitious writers wished to impose upon it. At the same time, there could be no possibility of throwing it over altogether. Such as it is, Yiddish is the spoken tongue of probably seven or eight million Jews. But more than that, the new spirit of Jewish nationalism, which is one of the most striking consequences of the late Russian revolution, felt the need of a national language. There was none other practicable. So the problem resolved itself into keeping Yiddish and rebuilding it into an organic and modern tongue. Side by side with the older dialect, this firmer and broader, if less colored, language is now growing up.

A magazine written in this reformed Yiddish and published in this city is *Dos Naaye Leben*; its first four numbers have reached us. A glance at the list of contents shows why its editors have felt the need of a more vigorous and refined medium than the spoken Yiddish of the street. Very solid food is spread out here for the East Side reader, food of a quality we are accustomed to associate with the English quarterlies and with the various *Jahrbücher* and *Mitteilungen* on the other side of the North Sea. The proper limitations upon the freedom of the creative artist, the death and resurrection of gods and religions, the Turkish revolution and Zionism, the Hegelian conceptions of logical and historical fact, Jewish nationality, and Jewish Socialism—these are a few topics which argue well for cultural standards in the Ghetto, if we are right in supposing that Yiddish magazines, like magazines in a certain better-known language, are edited on the principle of giving the public what it wants. The thought occurs that here is found within the limits of what is, after all, a dialect a good deal of excellent thinking and writing that might have found a broader forum than the Yiddish. But that is just what is being done in the other minor tongues, in Gaelic, in Flemish, in Czechish, in the various minute Slav dialects, every one of which can show highly gifted writers sacrificing the chances of a wider fame to the call of patriotism.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF COLLEGIATE COEDUCATION.

I.

Ten years ago the conspicuous presence of coeducation in our educational system was accepted either as desirable or as a necessary evil. Now, although statistics show that it still prevails, and that the number of women in coeducational institutions far outnumbers those in women's colleges, there is yet a growing tendency to reopen the dispute. It may not be amiss, therefore, to reproduce certain impressions which resulted from personal experiences, all pleasurable but now clarified by distance, in a woman's college, in a coeducational State university, and in a woman's college affiliated with a university for men. This article, I may add, takes no account of secondary schools or of graduate work. The word "university" is used, according to a frequent custom, interchangeably with "college."

Coeducation is the most economical method of giving instruction. Faculties, libraries, and laboratories are expensive, and legislatures administering public exchequers, or patrons anxious to make a thrifty use of their own money, will hesitate long before duplicating them. In the case of legislatures this is especially true, for while private benefactors may solve their doubts or follow their inclination by giving to either sex alone, no State in these days would be allowed to revert from its acquired habit of offering exactly equal advantages, in one form or another, to both sexes. The frugal adherence of State universities to coeducation cannot be justly attacked from the point of view of actual instruction. In spite of all that may be said, experience proves that boys and girls between eighteen and twenty-two have about the same kind of mental digestion and need about the same kind of pabulum; that they do not need to be taught the same subjects in different ways; that they can study biology and literature together; and that they can work in the same intellectual harness without diminishing the ambition of the one sex or the health of the other.

Aside from the question of economy, a further point in favor of coeducation may be submitted to those who are particularly interested in the education of women. While boys would seem not to be losers by such a system, girls may easily be gainers; for, whatever the reason, the faculty of the best State university is stronger than the faculty of the best woman's college, and the intellectual impulse is potentially greater.

II.

We say "potentially" because demonstrable facts seriously limit the efficacy of the reasoning. There is a set of arguments against coeducation quite other than the superficial ones to which we have briefly referred. Over against these thrift may come to seem but a secondary matter. Before passing to details, however, it must be clearly stated that what follows does not relate to that small class of young men and women whose exceptional abilities or natures enable them to use advantageously any outward environment. Here we are concerned with the great majorities, with the students whose minds and characters lack conspicuous originality and whose development is materially affected by outside influences. In the case of most young people there are other forces than teaching and scholarship which make for intellectual training, and there are also other things than intellectual training which make for complete development. Here, at both points, the separate college for men or for women has the advantage of the coeducational. There is a necessary student life, rich in wholesome activities, which, on the one hand, develops the sense of responsibility and communal feeling, and on the other stimulates and widens the imagination, and makes the mind more plastic to the influences of learning and of culture. Of course, as President Woodrow Wilson so admirably said in a recent address, student life may anywhere become a non-conducting medium through which intellectual discipline fails of transmission. But where coeducation exists there are additional and special dangers.

On the administrative side of this student life probably boys suffer much less than girls in a coeducational university. In their more strenuous activities, in athletics, and debating, they are as satisfactorily (or as unsatisfactorily) developed as any undergraduates who are entirely quarantined from feminine influences. Girls, on the contrary, always play the secondary rôle in common affairs, such as class organizations and the like, and their own separate pursuits, however well conducted, are never anything larger than tributary streams to the main current of university life. They lose, therefore, a certain breadth of experience in spite of their often spacious surroundings. Even in a small woman's college the student life has a more definite end, a finer coherence, a truer charm.

But college life outside the classroom and the study includes a beneficent idleness, as well as microcosmic activities. In the idler hours boys and girls alike suffer from coeducation. This matter is important, not only because of its bearing on character, but because of the very intimate connection between the kind of play with which students beguile their free time and the mood and manner in which they approach intellectual discipline. In all colleges popularity and social success bulk large. The "all-

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round man" and the "all-round girl" bear off the prizes that are most precious in the estimation of their fellows. But usually in the separate colleges "all-roundness" includes many fine qualities and the popular judgment is at fault in its limitations (those of youth) rather than in its standards. In coeducational colleges, however, the standards themselves are in danger of becoming foolish and jejune, aping those of any frivolous social group, but lacking the compensations to be found in the larger world of men and women. Wherever boys and girls are fellow-students "on good terms," there occurs a particular kind of cleavage between different classes of students. On the one side, in artificial darkness, languish the girls who fail to please the young men, and the young men who bore the girls. On the other side, flutter in artificial light the socially eligible. Often the former are unhappy, with the peculiar bitterness of youth. But it is when they are wise beyond their years and philosophically content that a spectator most appreciates the commonplaceness of ideas which relegate them to a false wilderness. The elect meantime lead a life of conventional gayety. At its best, this life almost entirely destroys the attractive originality of college recreation, and is as subversive of its real purposes as intercollegiate athletics can be. In a recent "story by twelve authors," Mr. Howells makes the father of the "co-educated" heroine say to his wife that if their daughter was going to get married, "he didn't see how she could have a better basis than knowing the fellow through three or four years of hard work." But the mother, more sympathetically aware of the real life of young people, replies that "she guessed if it came to that, they would get to know more of each other's looks than they did of their minds." And with her any one must agree who has watched coeducated students with eyes sharpened by affectionate interest. "Hard work" often seems like a needle in the haystack of dances, calls, walks, and drives. A certain kind of girl boasts that by "cramming" in the afternoons, she can keep every evening free for "fun with the boys." A certain kind of young man seems to omit even the cramming, if one may judge by the persistence with which he haunts the reception rooms of the girls' dormitories. Conversations give no indication of a burdensome number of ideas in the minds of the talkers. The absence of pedantry is altogether delightful, but wit is at as low an ebb as in any group more intimate with each other's looks and clothes than with each other's minds. By far the larger number of boys and girls of twenty do not "meet on a basis of intellectual sympathy, free from sentiment." We should not find them nearly so engaging if they did, nor would they be half so well worth educating. But since they are heirs to human nature, when they are jumbled together in the freedom of college life, and unrestricted by the traditions of ordinary social groups, they are bound, not to stimulate each other intellectually, but, like Hippocleides, to "dance away" their finer opportunities.

At its worst, this student gayety gradually creates standards which extort a harsher epithet than foolish. By no means rarely the students who are regarded as socially eligible (and it is they who see most of each other) constitute a crowd of heedless young people too intent upon the pleasures of the moment to enforce very severe standards. Lacking the guidance of their homes, some girls grow indulgent toward lapses, which, in the openness of college life, they cannot fail to perceive. Some boys, meeting with leniency instead of inspiration, are not constrained to climb to their highest levels. It must be borne in mind that this is not a question of the obvious dangers which beset any college for men and from which any woman's college is free, but of the insidious dangers creeping *sub specie boni* into the characters of either young men or young women. The harm that is here considered is that of the steady, if slow, infringment of the highest standards, the dulling of the sharp edge of spiritual perceptions. On the surface this shows in a certain hardening of manners. In another chapter of the story of the coeducated heroine, Henry James represents her æsthetic older brother as protesting that "the poor girl—a perfect little decorative person, who ought to have iridescent-gray plumage and pink-shod feet to match the rest of her—shouldn't be thrust into any general menagerie-cage, but be kept for the dovecote and the garden, kept where we may still hear her coo. That's what, at college, they'll make her unlearn; she'll learn to roar and snarl with the other animals." It is possible to dismiss with a smile the dovecote and the menagerie, and yet feel regret that in a world so much in need of gentleness even a few young women should lose, or fail to acquire, the charm of delicate manners.

III.

So far the case has been made—fairly, it is hoped—to stand as follows: Coeducation is the best means toward the desirable end of economically giving to boys and girls the same instruction; separate education develops the best student life, and exerts on mind and character the best subtle influences. It would seem that the verdict might be given according to one's opinions about the necessity for economy and about the reality and power of social dangers. But the curious thing about most private conversations on the subject is that reasoned arguments, capable of analysis, of proof and disproof, make way for vehement statements originating, apparently, in that wider reasoning which includes feeling as well as logic. Supporters of coeducation maintain that the union of the sexes in college as out of college is the way of nature and therefore the way of freedom and sincerity; some of them hold this opinion so intensely as to assert that "their religion would be lost to them were coeducation to prove a failure"; others express the same conviction with more philosophic detachment. Opponents of coeducation declare that the presence of both sexes in one college is tasteless and even vulgar, offending the instincts ("always the surest guides") of "manly" men and "ladylike" women. Those who have formed calm opinions after a due weighing of rival claims may listen in amazement to these more passionate sentiments, but it is through them that the question of coeducation is being reopened and becoming once more a live issue.

At present, it looks as if the opponents were growing unexpectedly powerful. They are certainly justified in pointing to indications that some institutions and some branches of study are likely to suffer under coeducation. Undergraduate boys say that they do not want girls about. Girls say that they will not go where there are boys. These young people may not be able to give any reasons for their feelings, but they have it in their power practically to demonstrate them. Already private coeducational colleges have been forced to worry over the effect of the presence of women students on the desired increase in the number of men students. Already those who are interested in the preservation of democratic standards have begun to fear that girls (perhaps even boys) of a certain type and a certain degree of worldly prosperity will turn away from State institutions towards separate colleges, bringing about the same unfortunate but apparently inevitable social cleavage which now exists in cities between the high schools and private schools. And already in the largest State universities, young men are avoiding courses in literature and language, and girls are giving up courses in history and political economy. In short, in the half logical, half emotional estimates of young people and of their elders, forces are continuously at work which are scarcely dreamed of in the philosophy of educators. During the last few years they have created a situation sufficiently serious to move presidents and trustees and faculties to certain precautionary measures. Some universities have limited the number of women, a device too arbitrary and superficial to be anything but temporary. Others have segregated the women in the courses of the first two years, so

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that the same professors teach the same subjects to boys and girls in separate classes. Others have attempted this segregation only to be defeated. Such defeats, however, are probably little more than ripples in the on-rushing tide. More and more the original principles of coeducation are being abandoned by those who are still its stoutest adherents. Ten or fifteen years ago the policy of most State universities was to treat its women exactly as it treated its men. Now scarcely one lacks its woman dean or advisor, its dormitories with women presiding over them, and its hopes, if not its plans, for some more general building, in which the life of the women students may find a decorous centre. The gradual perfection of such measures as these—partial segregation, or the development of a more wholesome student life, or both—may satisfactorily solve the problem that confronts State universities without really changing their form. But a radical transformation is not an impossible event of the future.

IV.

This brings us to a third form of education not yet discussed. At present a few women's colleges are affiliated, in varying degrees of legal and practical intimacy, with universities for men. Such colleges would seem to combine the advantages of coeducation and of separate education, for they offer the same instruction to both sexes, and at the same time cultivate an entirely distinct student life. At present, however, certain facts militate against their unquestioned success as an educational experiment. Unless they are as rich as the universities to which they belong, they cannot offer as many elective courses as are offered to the men. And unless they are rich enough to support separate professorships and inaugurate a system of exchange with the universities, they obtain the services of the university professors only by adding an often inadequate sum to the regular salaries. Whether, therefore, they can count upon the older men and the heads of departments depends largely upon the size of the salaries. Unless it is financially necessary, scholars ought not to spend their extra time in teaching rather than in investigation or writing. It is not a question of their loyalty to any college or to either sex, but rather of their prior allegiance to the service of learning.

It has already been indicated that the difficulty of obtaining absolutely equal instruction is minimized when the affiliated college is rich. But two general facts prevent colleges of this kind from receiving very generous support. For one thing, they share the ill fortune (commercially speaking) of all women's colleges in not being able to count on as much or as independent wealth among their graduates as men's colleges can, or on the same traditions of giving in certain families or certain communities. Furthermore, they meet with special obstacles because they are associated with coeducation, incurring, curiously enough, the dislike of both opposing camps. Those who prefer coeducation will have none of these "halfway measures." Those who object to it fear a measure which is "so far along the road." This latter point of view explains why the majority of the undergraduate boys dislike the affiliated college even if they do not have to meet the girls in any way whatever, and why a large number of girls refuse to go to such colleges. It also explains why many professors object to admitting even advanced and mature young women into their small university electives or their graduate courses. They say frankly that it is no prejudice against the particular applicants, or even against local conditions, but a needed protest against any intrusion of the coeducational idea.

In spite of the difficulties now inherent in the question of affiliating women's colleges with men's colleges, some of us cannot refrain from cherishing a roseate vision of what may yet come to pass. Possibly, some day a rich State university may be willing to form two distinct undergraduate schools for young men and for young women. In spite of a specious resemblance, this will be very different from the plan now being considered in Minnesota, by which (significantly enough) "segregation of the sexes" is anticipated as the natural result of buying a new campus and physically separating the professional schools from the "academic college." It is to be hoped that State universities will continue to attract young men who wish a liberal education, and that academic colleges for men and for women will be coessentials. Each college should have not only separate buildings, but also a separate campus. This would involve expense because land would have to be bought and lecture halls, laboratories, and small reference libraries would have to be duplicated. But the same faculty would teach in each, enlarged only as every faculty has to be enlarged when the number of students necessitates the subdivision of classes. And a large general library could be used as properly by both sexes as any public library. The total expense, therefore, would in no way compare with that of creating a separate university for women. What would be the advantages? As opposed to coeducation, each college would suitably develop the morals and manners of its own sex. As opposed to separate education, girls would share the best instruction within the command of a powerful university. As opposed to affiliated or "coördinate" education, faculties would be obliged by the terms of their contracts, and enabled by the adjustment of their work, to teach the women as well as the men; the students would lose their objections to each other's presence as soon as it was understood that coeducation, instead of subtly encroaching, had abdicated; and many fathers would take pleasure in perpetuating their own college traditions in their sons and daughters alike if they were convinced that it would not be at the expense of more important things. If some influential State university would begin the change, probably the fashion would spread as rapidly as States could afford it. And this would react favorably on the experiment of affiliated colleges in States where privately endowed universities hold the place of command occupied in the West by State universities. Probably, however, it will be many years before the plain taxpayers of even the richest State will become convinced that so drastic a reform is necessary. They will content themselves with partial segregation and with women's buildings and deans, and of changes like these we may expect to see many in the next decade.

In the meantime, we may congratulate ourselves that any form of education is better and brighter than its enemies can imagine, and even more useful and persuasive than its friends can hope. In the great game there is more than one way of checkmating the devil.

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ELIZABETHAN REVIVALS IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the most convincing signs of the growth and expansion of a genuine interest in the drama to-day may be found in the dramatic performances that have become so regular a feature of undergraduate life in our colleges. The range is very wide, from the poor imitation of a cheap Broadway "show," with tinkling tunes, "stunts," and college boys masquerading as short-skirted chorus ladies, to original drama of such sincerity and strength as that of "The Promised Land" at Cambridge last autumn. To the student of literature the most interesting performances are, no doubt, the revivals of Elizabethan drama. Such a play intelligently staged and simply, if at times a little crudely, presented, may throw much light upon the stagecraft and dramatic methods of our old playwrights. A notable instance of such a revelation occurred at the performances of "Dr. Faustus" at Princeton two years ago, when the despised comic scenes proved to be rich in the elements of farcical burlesque, and still capable of attaining the very effects for which they were originally designed, that of relaxing the audience in gales of laughter between the tense strain of the tragic scenes. And an attempt at Har-

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vard some years ago to rearrange "The Shoemaker's Holiday" for presentation showed that Dekker—usually thought of as the typical careless genius, who attains his effects by happy chance—had here, at least, displayed a regard for balance and proportion that rendered it almost impossible to cut a scene without destroying what must have been a carefully planned symmetry. After all, our old dramatists, from Shakespeare down to the neediest of Henslowe's hacks, were practical playwrights. They wrote for the stage, not for the closet, and it takes the stage to reveal the strength and persistent vitality of their work.

It is, therefore, most encouraging to find an undergraduate organization, formed originally for purely social purposes, devoting itself to Elizabethan revivals with a continuity and success that have given it a tradition on which its members look back with just pride. Such is the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon, whose performance of Chapman's "All Fools" I had the pleasure of attending in Cambridge on April 12. Without financial support, limited in the field from which to draw its actors, aided only by an amateur coach, this fraternity has for eleven years presented, always with credit, at times with marked success, some of the masterpieces—often too little known—of Elizabethan comedy and romance. Beginning with "The Shoemaker's Holiday" in 1898, the list includes "Fortune by Land and Sea," "The Maid in the Mill," "The Elder Brother," "Eastward Ho," "The Alchemist," "The Silent Woman," "The Wise Woman of Hogsden," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Bartholomew Fair," and "All Fools"—a record unparalleled, I believe, in this country. As the latest editor of Chapman's comedy I was especially interested in attending the performance of "All Fools," the more so as William Archer had asserted that the praise bestowed upon this play by historians of the drama was extravagantly high, a mere echo of the romantic enthusiasm of Charles Lamb, and that tried by a modern and rational standard the play was so far from being great that it could not even be pronounced good. To my delight I found that tried by the standard of actual representation, by intelligent amateur actors, the play gave distinct pleasure to a mixed and highly critical audience, which followed the story with unbroken interest, and burst out from time to time in hearty and spontaneous applause.

Curiously little adaptation was needed, and the adapter, Arthur S. Hills, deserves high credit for the skill with which he performed his work. The frank license of Elizabethan speech had at times to be cut out or toned down; the long declamations, half in imitation, half in parody of Lyly, originally written to tickle the fancy of listeners who knew their "Euphues" by heart, were of course struck out, and the play was distinctly the better for the omission. On the other hand, the action was preserved intact and in its original sequence of scenes, enlivened here and there by songs and dances which do not appear in the text, but the like of which can hardly have been wanting at a performance by the Children of the Chapel. An occasional bit of business in dumb-show was used to introduce an act, and a couple of clever "curtains" were provided, notably at the end of Act iv, where Gazetta came stealing back over the darkened stage to her empty home and was caught to the arms of the jealous but now repentant husband who had driven her away. It is not surprising, after all, that but little alteration was needed, for the main action of the play is borrowed, as is well known, from Terence, who drew it in turn from the New Comedy of the Greeks. And the New Comedy, as preserved for us in the adaptations of Plautus and Terence, has been, since the renaissance, the unfailing source and the constant model of much of the best of modern comedy. A recent performance at Harvard of the largest fragment remaining of Menander's work has shown how deft was the hand of this early master in the construction of simple and effective plot, and in the delineation of type characters which have been stock figures of comedy ever since.

As far back as Terence the practice prevailed of increasing the amount of action, usually by the simple method of boiling down two old plays to make one new one. When such classical scholars as Jonson and Chapman began to adapt Latin comedy to the Elizabethan stage this process was repeated, and two Latin comedies were combined to furnish sufficient action to hold the attention of an Elizabethan audience. Even this was at times insufficient; in "All Fools," for example, we have a "contamination," to use the technical term, of the "Heautontimoroumenos" and the "Adelphi," plus a sub-plot of Chapman's own invention, dealing with the humors of a jealous husband and an amorous courtier. As a result, the "intrigue" of "All Fools" is extremely complicated, "a criss-cross of deception and dupery," as Mr. Archer calls it. Yet the complications which bewilder the reader become, in the light of actual performance, only an amusing puzzle to which the clue has been furnished. Whether every member of the audience the other night could have passed a rigid examination in the reconstruction of the plot is, I think, doubtful, but I am sure that the play as it unrolled carried along every spectator, with no trace of that feeling of hesitation and bewilderment which is so fatal to the enjoyment of a comedy of intrigue. As a measure of Chapman's originality it was interesting to note that the most effective scene, the mock repentance of Valerio and his father's feigned forgiveness, was one for which Chapman found no hint in his sources. Yet it contains a situation directly and legitimately evolved from the original story and by no means merely superimposed upon it.

Another interesting feature in Chapman's adaptation of Latin comedy is his transformation of the type characters of Terence into embodiments of Elizabethan "humors." Gostanzo is by no means only the stern parent of Latin comedy; he is a distinct and individual character dominated by the "humor" of senile self-conceit. Valerio is no mere stock figure of the prodigal son, but a young gallant with a strong dash of Elizabethan wit and romance. And the chief merit, I think, of the performance at Harvard lay in the firm grasp of these "humors" by the young actors, and the simplicity and sincerity of their presentation. This was especially true in the case of such minor figures as those of Dariotto and Cornelio in the underplot, presented respectively by T. S. Kenyon and James A. Eccles. Mr. Kenyon as the foppish, idly amorous courtier, a creature of airs and graces, wandering eyes, and delightfully irresponsible legs, was a pure joy, while the really masterful interpretation of the jealous husband by Mr. Eccles lifted that figure at once out of the sphere of farce comedy and struck a sombre note of real passion which furnished an admirable undertone to the merry chorus of gulls and jesters which constitutes the main body of the play.

It is easy to point out flaws in all amateur, perhaps in most professional, performances. But it is enough to say that the performance as a whole revealed in Chapman's play a vitality and breadth of comic power unrealized before even by one who has long loved and dutifully studied the work of this noble old poet and playwright.

T. M. Parrott.

Princeton University, April 16.

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The successful launching in England of a Shakespeare memorial theatre undertaking, with the pledge already of $350,000 of the estimated cost of $2,500,000, recalls to my mind the fact that in a semi-private note I broached the same idea here in America in 1901. The veteran Shakespeare editor, Dr. William J. Rolfe, wrote to me at that time:

> Your plan for a Shakespeare memorial theatre in Boston is admirable, and it would be an honor to the city to carry it out. I sincerely hope that it may commend itself to people of culture and wealth and that I may live to see it accomplished.

I was unfortunately called away immediately after I had thrown out this idea, and the matter was allowed to lapse.

I remember that Mr. Henry T. Clapp wrote me that he did not favor the theatre part of the project. I should have said that a main feature of the plan then (and I would make it the sole feature now) was the concrete embodiment of our strong American enthusiasm for Shakespeare in a small Shakespeare memorial gallery and library building, either on Riverside Drive, say, in New York, or in Fenway Park in Boston. Here could be gathered together not only busts and portraits of Shakespeare himself and Shakespearean actors and actresses of the last three hundred years in England, Germany, and America, and books on the literature of the Shakespeare stage during that period (the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death occurs in 1916), but also a library of rare and early editions and of all the great modern editions of the plays, and Elizabethan toolbooks of all kinds, for consultation and daily use by bona-fide scholars. Such a building need be no larger than Roslyn Chapel, but it would be the pride of Americans, and an inspiration to thousands of young pilgrims and old, and a stimulus to the study of the prince of poets.

The trustees of such a Shakespeare memorial, after incorporation, would open books for subscription, and I venture to say the response would be as immediate and hearty as it has just been in Eng-

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land. The charging of a small admittance fee to the memorial would soon result in the accumulation of a permanent fund for the enriching of the collections and perhaps for the ultimate addition of an amphitheatre for the staging of Elizabethan plays. If the *Nation* will express editorial approval of the project and take the matter off my hands, I will gladly bow myself into retirement and consider this broaching of the idea to be my part of the undertaking, although I do not wish to shirk any duty and would subscribe what I could afford. I am not sure but a national subscription, made up of contributions from the schools and colleges of each State, would be the best plan.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

Boston, April 14.

THE BIBLE AND SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I thank you for your editorial of April 8 on "The Bible as Literary Model," and at the same time suggest that a similar warning is even more needed in regard to Shakespeare. Many a young writer hears that Lincoln's chief study was the Bible and Shakespeare, and fondly hopes that industrious and constant perusal of those two books will assist him more than anything else in the formation of a strong English style. There are even, I believe, living historians of high rank whose chief literary reading is of a similar nature, for a similar purpose.

You have well shown the error of this view in regard to the Bible. It is, I think, even more erroneous, so far as Shakespeare is concerned. Every one will probably agree that in high-wrought and passionate imaginative expression Shakespeare surpasses all other writers. But it so happens that this is precisely the literary quality that cannot be learned. What can be learned is clear, vigorous, logical exposition and terse, energetic, unadorned description and narrative. In these points Shakespeare is less strong, partly from the nature of dramatic writing, still more from the very richness of his imagination. When the wheel of Shakespeare idolatry is come full circle—and there are signs that that hour is approaching—these deficiencies in Shakespeare's style will be more generally recognized, and above all we shall see that his influence on your writers is likely to be by no means a beneficial one. His great qualities are inimitable, his defects are caught only too easily. In the same way we shall in time come to understand that the slavish following of Shakespeare has, for a century, been one of the chief causes of the prostration of the English drama.

As to models, the practical prose writer of to-day will surely learn most about the technique of his art—and this is the only part of it about which he can learn anything—from the great authors of the eighteenth century, Swift, Addison, and Fielding, and, if a foreign language is allowable, Voltaire. But is it not best of all to avoid models altogether, to read as widely as possible, and authors as unlike as possible, to turn from Goldsmith to Montaigne, and from Sir Thomas Browne to Anatole France? Contact with such varied minds and styles must necessarily broaden and enrich. And there is but one true recipe for writing with clearness and vigor: to think with clearness and vigor. Let a man penetrate his mind with the grandeur of Sophocles and the speed of Voltaire. Then let him feel human life with passionate love and sympathy. He cannot help writing well—unless he finds something else to do that is still better.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., April 13.

CLASSICAL STUDY IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of March 18 (pp. 280-281), the scholarly reviewer of Sandys's "History of Classical Scholarship" says: "And the work closes with a courteous and even too complimentary review of American scholarship." While this is true, we notice in the treatment of this part of the subject some lack of a sense of proportion, and there are some strange omissions. For instance, on page 456 of the third volume, a notice of three lines is all that is accorded to Prof. W. W. Goodwin, and the impression is produced that he is the "cracker to the whip" of President C. C. Felton.

A Southern reader, naturally a little oversensitive, looks in vain for recognition here of work done by men and colleges south of Mason and Dixon's line. In view of the influence exerted by the University of Virginia, for example, in the spread of classical learning in the South, we had expected to find that in the outline of the work of George Long (p. 430) his connection with this university had been stated and the standard of scholarship there set by him had been recorded to his credit. It would seem proper to record, too, the work of Long's distinguished successor, Dr. Gessner Harrison—that pioneer in America in the field of comparative philology, who did so much to further the scientific study of language along the line followed by Bopp and Curtius, and who, more than any other man, perhaps, succeeded in raising the standard of education throughout the South. Again, the work of Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve in Latin and in Greek surely entitles him to something more than a passing and incidental reference of three lines, in which he is mentioned merely as the editor of a *Journal of Philology* (p. 468), if Hayley, for instance, is to have a paragraph and a caption (p. 461).

Perhaps the omission which is most surprising is the failure to mention William and Mary College among early American colleges. It is true that this college has, for the longer part of its corporate existence (*i. e.*, since 1693), stood rather for professional and scientific training than for classical learning; but for a time at least it was the Harvard of Virginia; and the alma mater of Thomas Jefferson and his peers, both in the interest of historical accuracy and because of the real value of the work there accomplished, should receive recognition and respectful mention. Would it not disturb the shade of Sir Edwin Sandys to know that one of his name has failed to recognize the old college, the incorporation of which, though long delayed, was the direct result of the efforts of the good treasurer of the London Company to promote the spread of learning in the colony which he loved so well and served so long?

WM. H. WHITING, JR.

Hampden-Sidney, Va., April 12.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE CLASSICS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to answer some of the points raised by your correspondent in the *Nation* of March 18 in regard to the pronunciation of the classics? He maintains that it is folly to continue longer the pretty but useless custom of pronouncing Latin by the Continental method, adopted a generation ago in our colleges and schools. His reasoning appears to me to be defective, and his experience is not mine.

The first day I ever spent in Rome I fell in with a Franciscan friar on the Pincian Hill. As I knew not a word of Italian, and could only shake my head when asked a question, Brother Hippolytus tried Latin on me. He spoke his Latin fluently and pronounced it exactly as though it were Italian. I had no difficulty whatever in following him, though many minor variations were absolutely new to me. Of course, when I answered with my Continental pronunciation and came to my first hard "g," the good brother was shocked. I was telling him that I had *read* a good deal of Latin, but had never spoken it. Interrupting me with a warning gesture and taking a pinch of snuff, he proceeded to give me some fatherly advice: "Non 'leg-ere' utpote Germanici, sed 'le-gere'" (with the soft "g"). I tried my best during the rest of the conversation not to wound Fra Ippolyto's national pride. Heaven only knows what would have happened, if I had sprung Anglicized Latin on him. I have never had to depend upon conversational Latin in Germany, but have had no difficulty whatever in following the German brand of Latin when read to me. Its variations from the standard American system are less than those of the Italian. I cannot understand how a man who really knew his Latin could be completely thrown off by the comparatively slight differences in pronunciation which must necessarily exist in different countries even under a theoretically uniform system. I have even been able to understand much of modern Greek through the ancient, widely different as the current methods of pronunciation are. But to say that we should go back to the strictly English pronunciation, because the Continental fails of absolute perfection, is to advocate unwarranted retrogression.

Let me cite another experience of mine. Your correspondent's chief contention in support of the English pronunciation is that the ear can be used as well as the eye in detecting the etymological source of Latin derivatives in the English language. Thus, according to him, the school-boy who hears the word "licentia" in his Cicero, if it is pronounced by the English method, will at once think of "license," and will feel a glow of pleasure which it were a shame to deprive him of by calling the word "lee-ken-tia." Against such a narrow idea of etymological studies I protest, and the personal experience to which I refer is as follows: Not long ago I had occasion to give a Bohemian friend a first lesson in English. I explained to him that English was a queer and rather deceitful language. It had stolen a lot of useful words from Latin, and then so disguised them that none of the descendants of old mother Lat-

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in could reclaim their property. "Take, for instance," I said, "the Latin word 'natura': in Italian we have 'natura,' in French 'nature,' in German 'Natur'—all square and above board so far; but in English—'nay-chr'! Yet to see the word 'nature' in print you would not think it had deserted its kin so completely." Now, according to the theory of your correspondent, we ought to pronounce the Latin "nay-chura," so that the young American will not be misled and will feel the "æsthetic delight" which comes from an "appreciation of etymological derivations." Give the boys and girls a chance! Don't confound their ideas of the fundamentals of one of the greatest families of modern languages just to make one minor department of classical studies a shade easier of apprehension. And give them credit for a little intelligence! I never found a youngster yet who couldn't grasp the etymological connection between Latin and English, and get pleasure out of it too, in spite of the difference of pronunciation.

To quote from the article in question: "Why longer prejudice the vanishing number of novices who hesitate at the threshold of Greek and Latin?" Any one who is going to be scared away from Latin simply because it is not pronounced like English either has reached a stage of intellectual timidity which deserves the epithet molly-coddle or has sunk into a narrow provincialism from which he deserves to be aroused by no gentle measures.

So much by way of rebuttal. The chief positive argument in favor of the pronunciation now used in America your correspondent has not mentioned; namely, that we are now pronouncing our Latin essentially as the Romans did. I know that this assertion often strikes the layman as chimerical, but the problem is not so difficult as would appear at first sight. The actual statements of ancient grammarians as to how their native tongue was pronounced; the transliteration of Latin words into other ancient languages; and above all the science of phonetics, working on the phenomena exhibited by the Romance languages, has established beyond the shadow of a doubt the main elements of the pronunciation of classical Latin. (For a clear and concise exposition of the whole matter see the "Appendix" to Prof. C. E. Bennett's "Latin Grammar," published separately.) And just think what this means for Latin poetry. Can the poet's cadences be rightly appreciated unless we approximate our pronunciation as far as possible to his own? There is no distinction between dead and living languages here. Virgil, Dante, and Goethe are dead, but the Æneid, the "Divina Commedia," and "Faust" are very much alive. Shall the music of poetry be forgotten for the sake of etymology? Is there any more reason for inflicting the inconsistencies of English on the Æneid rather than on other poems which happen to be "modern"?

Personally I do not believe that there is the slightest danger of our returning to the Anglicized Greek and Latin of former days, but an appeal for the old system advanced by one in authoritative position deserves an answer. D. P. L.

The American School of Classical Studies in Rome, April 5.

BRYCE ON SANE ATHLETICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following letter was refused the courtesies of the *Daily Princetonian's* columns on the ground that it was "rabid" and "dangerous":

Ambassador Bryce was recently quoted to the effect that the University of California was the only one in the country with sane athletics. If he was correctly quoted, his statement shows a most extraordinary lack of observation. Is it necessary to call his attention to the fact that Princeton has so often held the intercollegiate baseball championship of America? Surely he does not think that such a title could ever be won by any but the sanest and most businesslike policy, backed by the enthusiasm of the entire university. It is to be feared that he has never read the impassioned editorials in the *Princetonian*, entreating the students in the name of Princeton spirit to turn out and support the team, to attend practice every afternoon, and to uphold the honor of the university by sitting in rows on the bleachers and giving vent to semi-articulate sounds.

It is indeed distressing to feel that so enlightened a thinker as the British Ambassador can still hold to the worn-out theory that baseball and football are simply games, to be indulged in for purposes of amusement and recreation, and are not serious and essential factors in the standing of a university, the support of which is a solemn purpose of undergraduate life—I had almost said the only solemn purpose, but I remembered the clubs. Yet, if Mr. Bryce was not misquoted, he still clings to these obsolete notions.

But let us be lenient with the Ambassador, for there is an element of pathos in this failure of a once robust intellect to keep abreast of the times. Let us not judge too harshly a man who is so far removed from the sacred and uplifting atmosphere of Princeton spirit. Let us rather pass over in charitable silence these first evidences of the disintegration of a splendid mind under the influence of approaching age; and let us gently remind ourselves that although Mr. Bryce may have known, in his time, a good deal about the American Commonwealth, yet he evidently knows as little about the American undergraduate as does a certain gentleman within our gates, scarcely less known and less honored by the crass unthinking world, who has done and is doing his worst to bring Princeton down to the level of a mere educational institution. Herbert Jones.

Princeton, April 2.

THE AUTHOR OF THE JUNIUS LETTERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of a critique in your issue of March 25, on the everlasting question of the authorship of the Junius Letters, let it never be forgotten that Dr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell, Me. (1751-1835), ex-member of the British Parliament, intimately acquainted with every writer and politician in London for years, enjoying a vast acquaintance all over Great Britain, as well as in France and Switzerland, stated repeatedly in his life time that he *"knew beyond the shadow of a doubt"* that the author of the Junius Letters was William Gerard Hamilton. So positive was he of this fact that, if the topic were brought up at his hospitable board at Hallowell, he would not listen to it for a moment without rising from his chair and saying: "Please cease to discuss this matter. I know that Hamilton wrote those letters, and it is useless to discuss a truth like that at my table."

James A. Spalding.

Portland, Me., April 8.

THE REMEDY FOR MISGOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of Deming's "Government of American Cities" (reviewed in your issue of April 8) and a host of volumes of similar character, dealing with the defects of our municipal governments, suggesting remedies, and discussing causes, it has seemed to me for a long time that such books failed adequately to lay bare and emphasize the fundamental defect in our political system. Each city, large or small, undoubtedly has its own peculiar problems, but perhaps a certain typical American city may be cited as a fair, if extreme, example of the evil I have in mind. Let me give a few concrete instances:

(1.) The following announcement has been brought to the notice of the perhaps 400,000 voters of that city:

The first direct primary for the nomination of party judicial candidates will be held to-morrow. One party candidate for Superior judge and fourteen party candidates for Circuit judge are to be chosen. All qualified electors are entitled to vote. Polls open from 6 A. M. to 5 P. M.

(2.) I have just taken the trouble to count the number of candidates in a recent election, and I find it was over four hundred. The number of offices was 106.

(3.) Among the offices I note: Secretary of State, Attorney-General, State Treasurer, University Trustees, State's Attorney, Recorder of Deeds, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Clerk of the Superior Court, Coroner, Circuit Court Judges, County Surveyer, County Assessor.

Now, unless we are ready to admit that the whole system was intended to be, and, in fact, is, a roaring farce, the only theory on which the above phenomena can be explained is that the average voter, the man in the street, in whose hands the ultimate solution of every civic problem lies, is actually capable of passing on the qualifications of all these candidates, and that he also has a competent knowledge of the scope, duties, and responsibilities of each of the numerous offices. Such a theory is certainly political idiocy. And it needs hardly to be pointed out that the average man in these days, engrossed in the struggle to make a living for himself and family, has neither the time, energy, nor inclination to inform himself on the duties, scope, and functions of 106 public offices, nor to make a suitable investigation into the personal character and mental qualifications of some 400 candidates. If the founders of this republic could come to life again and see what we are doing, they would feel that their worst fears as to the inability of the people to govern themselves were abundantly realized in hundreds of American cities.

It is useless to rail at such conditions; but it is wholesome to look them squarely in the face. The fault, it is respectfully submitted, lies not so much in the restrictions which a State Legislature may lay on the activities of a city council; not in the apathy, stupidity, or perverseness of the average citizen; not in the corruption and inefficiency of a low class of public officials; it is ingrained in the vicious system that throws on the back of the electorate burdens which never belonged there and which cannot be borne. One need be neither a shallow, babbling optimist nor a

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disillusioned, disgusted pessimist to see that if reform is ever to be achieved in municipal government, the very first step must be to cut down the number of elective offices to about one-tenth of the present number, to concetrate responsibility on that small number, to extend and perfect the merit system, and to arrange that the higher offices shall offer an attractive career to any self-respecting and intelligent citizen.

In economics we have learned, slowly and painfully, that the average human being is far different from the "economic man" figured by the early economists, and we are realizing now that what our doctors and students of political science need most is a careful social, economic, and psychological study of the habits, attainments, and limitations of the average voter. In dealing with matters that he understands and with men that he knows, the average American citizen may be safely entrusted to do his civic duty manfully and every time; but we persist in ascribing to him various godlike attributes which he never did possess, and which he never professed to possess. He has his limitations, he is made of ordinary clay like the rest of us poor, weak, sinful creatures here below, and, whatever else he may be, he is certainly not omniscient in political matters—all our political theories and philosophical speculations to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is a platitude worthy of serious reflection that any government of the people, for the people, and by the people ought to be adapted to that people; it should fit the exigencies of the man in the street and not the man in the clouds. As a rule in American cities, ours does not; hence these tears.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, April 12.

FROMENTIN AND VERMEER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A contributor (p. 370 of your issue for April 8) says that Fromentin did not find a word to say on Jan Vermeer. This is misleading. It is true that Fromentin did not find space for many words on Vermeer, preoccupied as he was with problems that loomed larger in 1875, but the few words he did say convey no faint praise. Discussing the question whether a just idea of Dutch art can be formed from examples in the Louvre, without visiting Holland, he remarks that Franz Hals has come to his own but recently, that Jan Steen is well seen only in Holland, and then says ("Les Maîtres d'autrefois," p. 224):

> Van der Meer is almost untouched in France (*inédit*), and since he follows lines of observation sufficiently rare even in his own country, the journey would not be wasted if devoted entirely to study of this special variety of Dutch art. Aside from these discoveries and some others of little value, there are none of note to be made outside of the Louvre and . . . certain French collections. . . .

Adapting himself then to French readers, and confining himself to masters accessible to them in the Louvre, he draws on Metzu, Terburg, and Pierre de Hooch for examples. Formentin died the year after he discovered Vermeer. He had not time to say much more, and on this voyage of discovery we have his own word for it that his "chief concern" was the Night Watch (p. 317), the mystery of which he did so much to unravel.

H. M.

Gloucester, Mass., April 12.

Notes.

Prof. Kenneth McKenzie of Yale University announces "A Concordance to the Italian Poems of Francesco Petrarca," to be published by the Oxford University Press, provided a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained in advance. The cost is five dollars, and orders may be sent to the author at No. 67 Mansfield Street, New Haven, Conn.

It is pleasant to hear that a new edition of John Jay Chapman's "Emerson and Other Essays" is to be published immediately by Moffat, Yard & Co. Mr. Chapman's work is too good to be forgotten.

The reprints in green and gilt from the Oxford University Press are not only comely to the eye, but have been unusually successful in their choice of subjects. The latest volume is "The Heroine" of Eaton Stannard Barrett, with an introduction by Prof. Walter Raleigh. We commend to the seeker after amusement these "adventures of a fair romance reader," which first appeared in 1813. We shouldn't like to subscribe to the judgment of a contemporary who pronounced the book "not inferior in wit and humor to 'Tristram Shandy,' and in point of plot and interest infinitely beyond 'Don Quixote,'" but it is a thoroughly amusing take-off on the romantic and gothic taste of the day, after the manner of "Northanger Abbey." Miss Austen was able to write a satire and a regular novel at the same time. That feat was too great for Barrett, but he has put together a surprisingly ingenious series of adventures.

Two more volumes of the New York Edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" (Charles Scribner's Sons) follow quickly upon the last instalment. The contents are, Vol. XVII: "The Altar of the Dead," "The Beast in the Jungle," "The Birthplace," "The Private Life," "Owen Wingrave," "The Friends of the Friends," "Sir Edmund Orme," "The Real Right Thing," "The Jolly Corner," and "Julia Bride"; Vol. XVIII: "Daisy Miller," "Pandora," "The Patagonia," "The Marriages," "The Real Thing," "Brooksmith," "The Beldonald Holbein," "The Story in It," "Flickerbridge," and "Mrs. Medwin." In the prefaces, which for the most part treat mere short stories, Mr. James takes himself with portentous seriousness. He dwells at interminable length on the details of unimportant matters. More interesting than some of his other confessions is his admission that "the ghost-story, as we for convenience call it," has ever been for him "the most possible form of the fairy-tale." "Daisy Miller" was, he tells us, rejected by a Philadelphia editor, probably on the ground that it was "an outrage on American girlhood." "The Real Thing" was suggested by an incident of which Du Maurier told Mr. James, "of a call from a strange and striking couple desirous to propose themselves as artist's models for his weekly 'social' illustrations to *Punch*." These people were "originally, by every sign, of the best condition and estate, but overtaken by reverses even while conforming impeccably to the standard of superficial 'smartness.'"

The fifteenth edition of Baedeker's "Central Italy and Rome" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) has just been issued. It contains nineteen maps (five more than the fourteenth edition), and fifty-five plans and views (as compared with fifty-one).

Vol IV of Miss Toulmin Smith's edition of Leland's "Itinerary" (London: George Bell & Sons) is made up of a singularly miscellaneous selection from Leland's remains, containing portions of the original narrative, passages from the "Collectanea," and sundry notes on genealogical and social matters taken from other parts of his writings. No one of the volumes shows more clearly the confused state of Leland's writings as they now exist. Of chief interest are the descriptions, frequently elaborate, of places and conditions in Kent, and the account of the itinerary from Alberbury in Shropshire through the northern counties. The task of editing has been performed with the same high regard for quality and thoroughness that characterized the earlier volumes, and the maps show the same painstaking regard for details. A fifth volume containing Parts ix to xii will complete the work.

"Neglected Neighbors" (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.), by Charles Frederick Weller, secretary of President Roosevelt's Homes Commission, gives a lively narrative dress to the commission's recent findings as to conditions in Washington. Washington's under-worlds are in the shape of alleys set in the centre of blocks, fringed with clubhouses, apartments, and fashionable homes. There are some 300 of these alleys, and they shelter fully 16,000 people, or, rather, expose them to filth, disease, and vice. Were Mr. Weller not a veteran charity worker of established repute, we should be tempted to suspect that his stories were doctored, and his photographs invented in a gallery. He depicts a sick white woman lying for two weeks in a cold room, about her four dead chickens, and refuse ankle-deep; or again, a consumptive negro coughing his life away in a hole, entirely below the street level, entered through a trap-door. And these are relatively inoffensive samples. Washington building lots were originally made so deep that, as taxes increased, owners were obliged to make their back-yards yield revenue. Furthermore, new Federal edifices in recent years have displaced hundreds of dwellings, and the new Union Station, with its approaches, alone wiped out a small village. The clearing up that is immediately necessary for the health and morals of the entire community will cost so much that only a small fraction can be fairly charged against the direct beneficiaries. If Congress will not charge the bill to the Federal government, it should at least devise some scheme of loans. No nation can, with good conscience, scatter millions every month for undeserved pensions and useless warships, while the Washington Monument's shadow touches 300 slums.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington is making fairly rapid progress with its index of economic material in documents published by the States of the United States, an undertaking initiated by the late Carroll D. Wright and his colleagues of the department of economics and sociology.

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Six volumes, indexing the materials of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, have already been issued, and now a seventh, dealing with California, lies before us. The term economic embraces nearly everything not political and religious; the arrangement is by subject; and the period covered runs from 1789 to 1904. It is designed that the student be able to trace the historical development of each economic subject as it is reflected in the documents of an individual State, as well as to make a comparative study of that development in the country at large. There can be no question of the value of the index. Though but seven volumes have been issued it has already proved itself of great advantage to workers in this field. The indexing is confined to printed documents only, and therefore does not include all the material that the student of economic history will need to use. There are doubtless some subjects for which the printed material will be deemed adequate, but for others the investigator will hardly confine himself solely to the printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, and special commissions and to Governors' messages. At the present rate the work will not be completed for twenty years.

"After Waterloo," by Major W. E. Frye (London: William Heinemann) is not at all a military book. Its author served in Egypt and in India, but left active service in 1814. His only connection with Waterloo is that, chancing to be in Brussels on June 18, he heard the cannon from that safe distance; and four days later when he rode out to the field of battle the sight made him sick. During the years 1815-19 he travelled through France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, noting his impressions which, with quaint conceit, he put in the form of letters to an imaginary correspondent. After his death at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1853 his manuscript was lost to sight in a cupboard for half a century. It is now published with notes by Salomon Reinach. Frye was a man of some literary attainments, and was really familiar with half a dozen languages; he could translate the Edda, quote Ariosto and Voltaire at length, or write a pretty Italian verse to the guide who took him up Vesuvius. He does not, like his contemporaries, Ticknor and Bancroft, introduce his reader to a host of literary personages; nor has he Arthur Young's keenness of vision for social conditions. He is often naïve, but still this account of his travels is pleasant reading. Though an Englishman, he was an ardent partisan of Napoleon, Voltaire, and "divine liberty," and often takes occasion to inveigh, in Dantesque fashion, against his mother-country "always ready to lend a hand to crush liberty, to perpetuate abuses and to rivet the fetters of monarchical, feudal, and ecclesiastical tyranny."

"The Sisters of Napoleon," by W. R. H. Trowbridge (Charles Scribner's Sons), is an entertaining story of the lives of Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. The frivolities, intrigues, and ingratitude of these women and their fate after the fall of Napoleon leave on the reader a depressing effect which is not lightened by the author's cynicism and exaggeration. The book based on the recent popular French studies of Turquan, consists largely of quotations from the well-known memoirs of Madame d'Abrantès, Fouché, and a score of other men and women of the First Empire who wrote volumes of gossip. It is interesting, but makes no serious contribution to scholarship.

The most striking paper in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Serial II) is that of Charles Francis Adams, describing the situation in Washington at the first inauguration of Lincoln. Mr. Adams, who was in the city, pictures the general condition of unrest and expectancy, and the precautions taken by Scott to avoid trouble. He gives a quotation from a letter he wrote at the time, in which he expressed a belief that, the inauguration over, matters would become peaceful, a belief soon to be rudely broken. Even Lincoln was more engaged in distributing offices than in facing a great conflict. Dr. E. H. Hall gives a calm and intelligent statement of the existing national pension system, dwelling upon the evil it has produced, and seeking to explain how it came to pass, "a system of paternalism never dreamed of by the civilized world before, a system which offers every possible inducement to mendicancy and conceals every possible inducement to fraud." As Mr. Hall served as chaplain in the civil war his opinion has authority. James Schouler describes Lincoln's only political visit to New England, in 1848, when he was recognized as a "suckerized Yankee."

An excellent discussion and bird's-eye survey of what has been done and what yet remains to be done for the reform of the higher grades of educational institutions is furnished in a small work by Dr. Julius Ziehen, an experienced educator of Frankfurt-am-Main, entitled "Die bisherige Entwicklung und die weiteren Aufgaben der Reform unseres höheren Schulwesens" (Frankfurt and Berlin: Moritz Diesterweg). The basis and purposes of modern school reform, the proper training of efficient teachers, the pedagogical importance of the personality of the teacher, the value and character of proper school supervision, are among the topics treated.

The *Literarische Echo* has published the result of its annual inquiry among libraries and publishers concerning the books most in demand, and the authors that have been most popular during the year ending with October. The books were Sudermann's "Das hohe Lied," Hermann's "Henriette Jacoby" and "Jettchen Gebert," Viebig's "Das Kreuz im Venn," Heer's "Laubgewind," Ernst's "Semper der Jüngling," Herzog's "Der Abenteurer," Stilgebauer's "Das Liebesnest," Stratz's "Herzblut," Schnitzler's "Weg ins Freie," Ompteda's "Minne," and Zahn's "Die da kommen und gehen."

A volume of letters by the three greatest representatives of the dialect known as Plattdeutsch has just been published: "Briefe von Fritz Reuter, Klaus Groth, und Brinkman, an Eduard Hobein," edited by Prof. Wilhelm Meyer (Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung).

The recent publication of Franz Ehrhardt's "Die Philosophie des Spinoza im Lichte der Kritik" (Leipzig: Reisland) is a positive contribution toward the solution of one of the intricate problems of the history of philosophy, although not a final settlement of all or even the leading questions involved. In a volume of more than five hundred pages the author discusses the history of Spinoza's doctrine, especially as it has been judged, favorably and unfavorably, in former times and in our own. The older literature on the subject has been thoroughly utilized.

Richard Garbe, rector of the University of Tübingen, delivered on the birthday of King Wilhelm II of Würtemberg an address of exceptional interest, which now appears in an enlarged form as "Kaiser Akbar von Indien: Ein Lebens- und Kulturbild aus dem sechzehnten Jahrhundert" (Leipzig: H. Haessel). The author, a fine Orientalist, largely basing his account on the excellent work of Count de Noer, published from 1880-85 in Leyden, here gives a picture of the Grand Mogul Akbar, generally regarded as the greatest of Asiatic princes in recent centuries.

"Voltaire in seinem Verhältniss zu Friedrich dem Grossen und Jean Jacques Rousseau," by Georg Brandes, has just been published in Berlin by Marquardt & Co. Voltaire's relation to Frederick the Great has been thoroughly discussed by historians and biographers; but the author of this little book is always likely to disclose, even in a time-worn topic, some interesting features that have escaped his predecessors. Brandes traces briefly the evolution of the peculiar friendship between the French philosopher and the Prussian sovereign and omits no detail of the story so rich in humorous incident. The picture of the famous round table of scholars and wits at which the young king presided in Potsdam Brandes presents, if not in a new light, at least in a new perspective. He spares neither Voltaire nor Frederick in enumerating evidences of the pettiness which entered into the characters of both. That part of the book which is devoted to the relation of Voltaire to Rousseau bears evidence of sympathetic partiality towards the two iconoclasts of their century. Rousseau's indebtedness to Voltaire is ably presented. He was inspired by the writings of his already famous contemporary to pay more attention to style and to emulate his art of expression. Through Voltaire also Rousseau had become acquainted with the English thinkers that were to influence him. But Rousseau was by birth a plebeian and by temperament a solitary and conceived an invincible dislike for Voltaire's social gifts. The more he became a practical exponent of his contempt for the conventions of civilization, the wider grew the breach between them. It is curious to follow the alternating hostilities and amiabilities in which the profound antagonism between these two individualities found expression.

The seven hundredth anniversary of the birth of Saint Elizabeth has been the occasion for the publication of what professes to be an objective and scientific story of her life, by Albert Huykens, "Quellenstudien zur Geschichte der heiligen Elisabeth, Landgräfin zu Thüringen" (Marburg: Elwert). It is not the individuality of Elizabeth but her character, as representative of the thought of her age, that here is brought into the foreground; and since the elimination of the mythical from the historical is particularly difficult here, one is not surprised that the Catholic author has not been able to do absolutely satisfactory work. Yet his book

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is doubtless the best among the many that the anniversary has produced. Large portions of the work appeared originally in Vol. XXVIII of the scholarly Catholic journal, *Historisches Jahrbuch der Görres-Gesellschaft.*

The last issues of the Old Norse Text Society of Copenhagen (*Samfund til Udgivelse of gammel nordisk Litteratur*) are a continuation of the Thidreks Saga edited by H. Bertelson and begun in 1906; and No. 3 of the society's edition of the Volsunga Saga and Rognar Lodbroks Saga, which is being prepared by Magnus Olson. This number contains the critical apparatus to the former saga which has now been issued complete. Simultaneous with these appear also the Proceedings of the Society with list of past publications and roll of members. The Samfund was organized in 1879, it has at present a membership of 260 individuals, and libraries, principally in the Scandinavian countries and Germany, but fifteen in the United States.

According to a London dispatch there is no trace of John Davidson, the poet, who has been missing from his home at Penzance since March 23, and his family have now given up hope of seeing him alive. Documents found among his papers make it almost certain that he has committed suicide. Mr. Davidson, the son of a Scottish Evangelical Union minister, was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, in 1857, and in his thirteenth year was put to work in the chemical department of a sugar factory. When fifteen years old, he went to school again in the capacity of a pupil teacher, and afterward was at Edinburgh University for a single session. Until 1890 he earned a subsistence as a teacher in various schools in Scotland, and then made his way to London, supporting himself thereafter by literary work. He began by writing reviews and other articles for the Glasgow *Herald*, but first attracted critical attention by his poems on various subjects, which were marked by boldness of thought and vigor of expression. His first work of considerable consequence was a chronicle play, "Bruce," published in Scotland. This was followed by a book of poems entitled "Scaramouch in Naxos." After this came two series of "Fleet Street Eclogues," "The Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender," "Godfrida," and other plays, and several volumes of poems, including some of a satirical and political nature. Among his later productions were "The Testament of a Vivisector," "The Testament of an Empire Builder," "The Testament of a Prime Minister," "The Triumph of Mammon," and "Mammon and His Message." Not long since he was awarded a pension from the Civil List in recognition of his literary achievements.

The death is announced from London of the Rev. Dr. James Harrison Rigg, the well-known Wesleyan Methodist minister. He was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1821, entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1845, was a member of the first London school board, and was on the Royal Commission of Education, 1886-88. For fifteen years he edited the London *Quarterly Review*, and published, also, a number of religious works, including: "Principles of Wesleyan Methodism," "Modern Anglican Theology," "Essays for the Times," "The Churchmanship of John Wesley," "The Living Wesley," "National Education, English and Foreign," "A Comparative View of Church Organizations," "Dr. Pusey: His Character and Life-Work," "Oxford High Anglicanism, and Its Chief Leaders," and "Reminiscences, Sixty Years Ago."

The death is announced in his ninety-fifth year of Canon Henry Holden, headmaster of Uppingham School from 1847 to 1853 and of Durham Grammar School from 1853 to 1881, rector of South Luffenham, Rutland, from 1881 to 1898. He was co-editor of "Sabrinæ Corolla," and wrote "Symbolical Teaching of the Sanctuary" and "Single Sermons to University and to Schoolboys."

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

EDUCATION.

A group of books (intended for texts in normal schools or for private study by teachers) has lately been issued, dealing with the management of schools, with methods of instruction, and with the principles underlying both. "School and Class Management," by Dr. Felix Arnold (The Macmillan Co.), treats of the relations between teacher and principal and between teacher and child. A subject on which much has been written is here discussed by Dr. Arnold with such insight, common sense, and thoroughness that it must command close and interested attention and convey a clearer conception of some of the important phases of a teacher's conduct and duty. Perhaps the most valuable feature is the emphasis upon the development of right conduct. In spite of all that is said about the function of the schools in character building, in practice it is the intellectual training that occupies the chief place in the thought of the teacher. In the rush to meet the encyclopædic demands of the present curriculum, ethical training is pushed into a very small corner. Class management has discipline in view and discipline means the enforcement of more or less arbitrary rules. Gratitude is therefore due Dr. Arnold for making conduct so distinct an object of school training.

"Modern Methods for Teachers," by Chas. C. Boyer (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is the latest of those attempts to include in a single volume instruction in methods of teaching all the subjects of the elementary curriculum. It discusses briefly the nature of education, the operations of the mind, and the general principles of instruction; and then, in the light of modern psychology, each of the common subjects, showing its value, the way in which it should be presented, the objects to be attained by study of it. The suggestions offered are in harmony with the best practice of the present time.

"Standards in Education," by A. H. Chamberlain (American Book Co.), is intended primarily as a text for normal schools. The author discusses not only psychology and the general aims of education, but the curriculum of the elementary school, the method of its presentation, and the training of teachers. The book is rather a compilation of material on a variety of subjects than a treatment with completeness of any one phase of educational theory or practice. Though there is nothing new in point of view or treatment it has some merits as a text-book. To each chapter are appended an excellent summary, suggestive topics for study, and references by means of which the student may profitably continue his work.

Each of the eight brief essays in Prof. Paul H. Hanus's "Beginnings in Industrial Education" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) makes the reader sigh for more of the same kind. Five of the eight give the book its title. They set forth the conditions which have started a country-wide agitation for vocational training, and the manner of accomplishing this reform. Professor Hanus's experience as a member of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education has stocked him richly with facts, and these he has ordered admirably. There is an excellent account of what Massachusetts has done in this direction, and another about the *Fortbildungsschulen* in Munich. Three other essays deal with the professional preparation of high-school teachers, religious instruction in public schools, and Bavarian country schools. Nowhere has the case against the Bible in schools been presented more pointedly and yet with greater calm than here.

The literature of the history of education is increased by the addition of three books designed as texts in normal schools and colleges. The first is Graves's "History of Education Before the Middle Ages" (The Macmillan Co.), which contains a comprehensive account of the history of education before the rise of the monastic schools. The author follows Thomas Davidson in regarding education as a part of the process of evolution, but he views it as "conscious evolution" toward more definite ends. The plan is well carried out. Liberal quotations are made from original sources, and a bibliography is added to each chapter. The book is suitable for college use. For normal schools C. O. Hoyt has prepared "Studies in the History of Modern Education" (Silver, Burdett & Co.), which is well adapted to its purpose. It furnishes sufficient material for an intensive study of the great reform movements in education from Comenius to the present time; it proposes questions calculated to lead the student to further investigation and to comprehend the process by which modern doctrines and methods have been evolved; and it suggests books for further study. The work is a distinct advance upon most normal school text-books on this subject. Many books have been written about Pestalozzi. To these is now added H. Holman's "Account of the Life and Work of Pestalozzi" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), in which the author aims to present objectively as much of the man as possible. Large quotations are made from the letters and other writings of the great educational reformer. Thus the reader is provided with the data for estimating at its real value the work of Pestalozzi and the influence he has exerted upon education during the last century.

HISTORY.

Certain well-defined tendencies in history teaching are at once illustrated and stimulated by some recent books for class use. To accompany his "Short History of England," Prof. E. P. Cheyney has compiled a "Book of Readings in English History" (Ginn & Co.), in which he has brought together some unusually interesting material. The collection is especially noteworthy for its illustration of the life of various periods, and contains very few of-

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ficial documents such as statutes, charters, and proclamations. In the same series comes "Readings in Modern European History" (Ginn & Co.), by Profs. J. H. Robinson and C. A. Beard, to accompany their "Development of Modern Europe." This collection is largely new though much of the part of the French Revolution and Napoleonic era has been taken from Professor Robinson's "Readings in European History." Likewise Prof. William MacDonald in his "Documentary Source Book of American History, 1606-1898" (The Macmillan Co.) has brought together and condensed much of the material in his "Select Charters," "Select Documents," and 'Select Statutes" for the use of classes covering the whole of American history in one year. The rapid development of such publications emphasizes the hold which the method of teaching history not merely by collateral reading, but by selected extracts has at present in our schools. Though it may be doubted whether this will ever be a substitute for real reading, much less encourage that habit, it is certainly an advance on the older methods. And, apart from their pedagogical value, many of these collections do make interesting reading in spite of their apparently tabloid character.

The spread of American history downward in the schools with a consciously patriotic as well as pedagogical purpose finds expression in two new books: "Short American History by Grades," by Everett Barnes, and "A First Course in American History," by Jeanette R. Hodgdon (D. C. Heath & Co.). Each is to consist of two volumes, one colonial, the other constitutional. Each aims at imparting the salient features of American history in simple form for the intermediate grades. Such a movement as this has much to commend it, and its peculiar strength and significance are well brought out in these volumes.

The third and last volume of Prof. Charles Seignobos's "History of Civilization," translated by Miss Wiseman under editorial supervision of Prof. J. A. James (Charles Scribner's Sons), is just at hand. It covers the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to 1888, and is characterized by the same qualities as his previous volumes on ancient and mediæval civilization. The emphasis is on the social and economic aspects of the period; and, perhaps as illustrative of these, an extraordinary amount of personal or biographical detail of the chief personages appears in his pages. The book includes also considerable chapters on the New World and European peoples outside of Europe, together with bibliographical appendices. It forms, on the whole, a readable and useful book. From the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) comes a new text-book of the sixteenth century, "The Renaissance and Reformation; A Text-Book of European History. 1494-1610," by Miss Emmeline M. Tanner, a compact and well-printed volume of some three hundred pages, designed for what would perhaps be in the United States late preparatory or early college classes. Miss Tanner has handled a peculiarly complex and controversial period with vigor and directness. In spite of the title only about fifty pages are devoted to the period before 1494, the body of the book, as the sub-title reveals, being given to the years between 1494 and 1610, or much the same period covered by Johnson's "Europe in the Sixteenth Century," to which Miss Tanner frequently refers. One finds here, as always, the difficulty of being at once concise, wholly accurate, and humanly interesting, but on the whole, Miss Tanner seems to have solved her problem as well as could be expected. The arrangement and proportion are, generally speaking, good. Each chapter is followed by questions and a brief bibliography, and often accompanied by footnotes and references. The index is good. A full parallel column chronological summary and eight large folding maps make up what, for its period and purpose, is one of the most useful text books of its class which has appeared in recent years.

Dr. A. G. Keller, professor of the science of society in Yale University, has issued (Ginn & Co.) a work entitled "Colonization; A Study of the Founding of New Societies," designed as a text-book for the study of colonization in general. The sub-title seems to us a little unfortunate as leading the incautious observer to assume that the work has a socialistic or utopian character. It is, in fact, a strictly historical production, treating of Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and Scandinavian colonization with a chapter devoted to the recent colonizing efforts of Italy and Germany. The history of English and French colonization is omitted entirely, and nothing is said of the accomplishments of Russia, Belgium, America, and Japan in the same field. Apparently the author intends that the work shall be used in the classroom, but how far it will meet any particular demand of this kind will depend on the number of lectureships in our colleges and universities devoted to this subject. At present the number is exceedingly small. The work is far too elaborate to be used as an ordinary text-book, and it would seem as if its most important function would be to enlighten the intelligent reader. Its style is not unattractive, its arrangement is good, and its standard of accuracy is high. In the main, it is a compilation from fairly well-known treatises, and lays no claim to profundity or originality of thought. Dr. Keller has made almost no attempt to frame conclusions or generalizations, usually confining himself to descriptions and historical narrative. In view of the important service that the work might render to the public at large, it is to be regretted that Dr. Keller has not made his study complete. Had many of the details here given been omitted, a broader view of colonial experience been given, and systematic deductions been drawn from the evidence presented, the book would have appealed to a much wider body of readers. As it is, however, we can heartily recommend it as an able and scholarly essay upon the subjects which the author has chosen to treat.

GREEK AND LATIN.

Prof. A.T. Robertson's "Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament"(A. C. Armstrong & Sons) is an attempt to put before senior students the facts of New Testament usage. It thus presupposes a knowledge of ordinary Attic Greek. The author correctly regards New Testament Greek as not a mongrel Attic but an example of the vernacular of the day, which in its more colloquial form is shown in the newly discovered papyri, of which much use is made. Professor Robertson accordingly attempts to treat the phenomena of New Testament usage as a stage in the evolution of language—and so is perpetually referring to Sanskrit or to more modern languages, as Gothic. Anglo-Saxon, and English. He also dogmatizes vigorously about origins of usage, such as that of pronouns, voices, and the like, where much that he says is very doubtful. In fact the book resembles more a philosophical discussion of general linguistics, illustrated by New Testament Greek. An immense amount of material is included, which in the hands of a competent student would be valuable as an introduction to more extended study in the same field.

The English tendency to put everything within the reach of beginners is well exemplified in the edition of the "Euthyphro" of Plato by St. George Stock (Henry Frowde). A brief introduction is followed by a summary of the dialogue, and then the text. The commentary is written for students "who have grammar behind them and philosophy before," but, as a matter of fact it is pitched in a key much higher; for the notes abound in quotations in the Greek from other dialogues of Plato, and occasionally from Aristotle or the Septuagint. The edition ought to be serviceable, in aim and scope, but it is entirely different from the American edition by Heidel. Prof. C. L. Brownson of the College of the City of New York has given us a useful edition of "Selections from Xenophon's Hellenica" (American Book Co.). This important work has been less read than it deserves and this edition should be in common use in our colleges. A brief introduction discusses the life, writings, syntax, and style of Xenophon, and the "Hellenica". But as Xenophon's peculiar style cannot be dismissed in two pages, it would have been better to omit this part and make suitable references in the commentary. The commentary itself is brief, intended apparently for freshmen; it lacks life and inspiration, but is careful and useful. Some appendices treat more in detail problems touched upon in the introduction and furnish material for further study by the teacher. There is also a good bibliography in addition to the more or less unnecessary list of disputed readings. The edition of Herodotus, Books vii and viii, by Prof. C. F. Smith and A. G. Laird of the University of Wisconsin (American Book Co.), furnishes the first important study of Herodotus since the late Professor Merriam's time. It is a good piece of work, more or less uneven, but showing the results of independent study as well as thorough acquaintance with the literature of the subject. Most noteworthy is the chapter on the dialect of Herodotus, an independent investigation by Professor Laird which ought largely to supersede the treatment of Stein. There is a bibliography of special works on the syntax of Herodotus, which, however, would seem almost unnecessary to students of Professor Laird's own work. The notes are brief and designed mainly for students who are reading Herodotus for the first time, but are sufficient for practical purposes.

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The eternal question as to the best beginner's book in Latin meets us again in "Latin Lessons," by D. W. Lothman (Ginn & Co.), and R. H. Locke's "Latin Forms and Syntax" (Allen, Lane & Scott). Both works differ from the customary beginner's book and from each other. Mr. Lothman believes that better results would be secured by more extensive and more intelligent use of the grammar; and he consequently refers to three widely used grammars for the learning of all forms; but there seems to be no gain other than that of space by referring the student to the grammar for the paradigms only. The English-to-Latin part of each lesson has been made brief; in other words, the smallest portion of time and energy is given to the most difficult part of the subject—a view which is widely held in this country and could be well abandoned. A serviceable introduction on the principles of English grammar meets a need felt seriously by most teachers. Reading lessons are added from Cæsar and Livy. Mr. Locke's book employs the style of the kindergarten to set forth the most intimate secrets of philology. We are told to distinguish between agglutinative, analytic, and synthetic language; we are helped to an appreciation of the ablative singular by the gutturals of the North American Indian; we are introduced into the habits of thought of primitive peoples. The five declensions are studied together. From the outset the words in the reading lesson must be looked up in the general vocabulary at the end of the book. No exercise is given in translation from English into Latin until all the forms have been learned and a review of syntax has begun. The vocabulary is limited in range, mainly Cæsarian. It is impossible to say how successful such a book would be, but it would seem to require a very sympathetic teacher. There have been many Latin prose composition books intended for second or third-year pupils in high schools, but no satisfactory book has as yet been prepared for the last year. C. McC. Baker and A. J. Inglis's "High School Course in Latin Composition" (The Macmillan Co.) offers a systematic treatment for the second, third, and fourth years. It is divided into three parts, one for each year; and it contains an extensive summary of the elements of Latin syntax, together with references to the leading grammars. The syntactical exposition is clear and good. In the first part the vocabulary is mainly Cæsarian; in the second, Ciceronian words are added, and in the third certain words not commonly met with until Virgil. This plan is based upon Professor Gonzalez Lodge's recent "Vocabulary of High School Latin." The earlier exercises consist of detached sentences paralleling in subject matter the work in Cæsar and Cicero, and nearly one-half of the last part is devoted to connected exercises.

A. C. Clark, editor of "Cicero's Orations" in the Oxford Text series, has issued an edition of Cicero's Philippic Orations I, II, III, V, and VII (Henry Frowde) for schools. The notes and introduction are taken almost entirely from J. R. King's large edition of the whole series of Philippic Orations. Though the book is serviceable, the introductions are too brief and the commentary curiously uneven, containing a good deal of textual criticism, which is out of place in such an edition. A welcome addition to the list of college text-books is Dr. A. P. Ball's "Selected Essays of Seneca" (The Macmillan Co.). This contains the "Ad Polybium de Consolatione," "Ad Neronem de Clementia," the "Apocolocyntosis," and ten letters—chosen to illustrate Seneca's personal connection with the history of his time. An interesting introduction on Seneca, the stoic philosophy, and Seneca's style, leaves us a pleasant impression of a man whose position was often very difficult, but whose influence was always helpful. It might have been well to discuss more fully Seneca's philosophical opinions and explain why the Christian fathers had such a high opinion of his teaching. The commentary is adequate, neither overloaded nor descending to trivialities. The inclusion of the "Apocolocyntosis" puts into the hands of the student what has been hitherto inaccessible. Prof. O. F. Long has prepared a short book of selections from the first decade of Livy (Scott, Foresman & Co.), designed to show a reaction against the overloaded text-books now in common use. There is a brief introduction with an inadequate chapter on Livy's style; the notes, often little more than translation, are printed at the foot of the page. The book will come into comparison with Dennison's similar selection much to its disadvantage, for this one seems adapted to little more than sight translation. For this purpose it might be useful; otherwise it is hard to see a place for it. W. D. Lowe's "Scenes from the Life of Hannibal" (Henry Frowde) is an elementary reading book for students that know little more than the leading forms. The text is excerpted from Livy, though the order of events and often the text itself has been modified to make it more suitable for beginners. Brief notes, but even these of a more advanced type than those of Long above referred to, are followed by a vocabulary and by a series of exercises for translation from English into Latin based more or less closely on the narrative. The book is worth trying in our high schools.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

"A French Grammar," by H. P. Thieme and J. R. Effinger (The Macmillan Co.), intends to give only the essentials. But all teachers are not agreed on what these "essentials" should be. Some will find that the subjunctive is not sufficiently accounted for, and others will complain of the scattered way in which the pronouns are treated. Still this book has excellent features. It is well graded, distributes composition material wisely, and discards the baby reading matter to offer mature, sound, and attractive texts. Too many slips, however, have crept into even the second printing.

The editions of the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) are annotated with a uniform competence by professors most of whom are French. We may pass over "Le Douanier de mer" by the popular feuilletonist, Élie Berthet, a story of the French coast, obviously edited for English sea-loving pupils; and "Batailles de terre et de mer," by a now forgotten French vice-admiral, which can have no interest outside of military and naval academies. But Vigny's "Chatterton," which, in 1834, was one of the triumphs of the Romantic School, is a legitimate and welcome addition to the library of annotated texts. The editor, Prof. E. Lauvrière, has a solid knowledge of both French and English literature. The introduction consists of an essay, in French, of ninety-three pages on the life and work of Alfred de Vigny, while the notes are, from the literary as well as philological point of view, an illuminating commentary on the text. Whether Balzac's "Le Médecin de campagne" can make the kind of reading which our story-mad undergraduates will relish is open to question. This political and social treatise, of which M. Brunetière speaks so highly, may seem dull to the readers of "The Three Musketeers." At any rate, the introduction and notes by De V. Payen-Paine are bound to be helpful. It ought to be easy to get out a satisfactory edition of "Le Cid," after all the work done by the commentators from Scudéry down to the French school editions. Prof. James D. Bruner's text (American Book Co.) contains a great wealth of notes and literary comparisons, many of the latter touching on English drama. Instead of the usual biography of Corneille the editor has an acceptable essay on "The Theory of the Classical Drama in France," in which students will find some essential information. While modern spelling is used in the tragedy, some unfortunate forms and a misprint have been overlooked in the "Avertissement" and the "Examen." Although our students have all the French tragedy they want, Henri de Bornier's "La Fille de Roland" (D. C. Heath & Co.) may prove an interesting complement to a study of the "Chanson de Roland." This play was one of the great triumphs of the Comédie Française after the war of 1870 because it expressed, with something of the spark of Corneille, heroic feelings that always stir the French nation. Prof. C. A. Nelson's edition is adequately presented. Jules Lemaître's "Contes extraits de Myrrha" (D. C. Heath & Co.) show a studied simplicity and a certain charm of style; still there is something constrained about this effort of an avowed skeptic to appear naïve in telling puerile stories of country priests and devout peasants. Nothing need be said about the short account of his life except that *all* his plays, the editor notwithstanding, were not produced at the Comédie Française. The new text of "Les Misérables" (Henry Holt & Co.) is welcome, with its clear type and scholarly notes. Instead of the biography of Victor Hugo the editor might better have given us the interesting history of the publication of this epoch-making novel. He would thus have avoided an unfortunate blunder (result of a careless reading of Biré) in naming the ridiculous Père Loriquet as one of Victor Hugo's teachers.

Among the increasing number of Spanish texts mention must be made of J. D. M. Ford's "Selections from Don Quixote" (D. C. Heath & Co.), which contains a rapid survey of the latest critical works on Cervantes; G. L. Lincoln's conscientious edition of Valera's "Pepita Jimenez" (Heath); and R. E. Bassett's elaborate treatment of "Pedro Sanchez" (Ginn & Co.), which shows what the combined efforts of an industrious author and painstaking publishers can do to raise the standard of modern language texts.

The "Report on the Teaching of English in the United States," by M. Atkinson Williams, lecturer in an English training college (C. W. Bardeen), though an unpre-

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tentious little volume, contains a good deal of suggestive comment on American methods in primary and secondary schools. This observer is inclined to think that our teachers give rather too free rein to the individuality of their pupils, and are overnervous about the danger of imposing their opinions upon the unfolding mind. She was very much bewildered, furthermore, by the prevailing standards for grading written work. She has apparently always been familiar with a truth which is not yet thoroughly recognized, even in our higher education, namely, that a high passing grade usually means a low standard of excellence. English pupils, she believes, are less fluent and spontaneous than their American cousins. On the other hand, they are brought up with a greater respect for the proprieties of diction and grammar.

Those who distrust the "natural method" of acquiring the elements of their mother tongue should welcome James C. Fernald's "Working Grammar of the English Language" (Funk & Wagnall's Co.). The author sets out with a belief that English is perhaps the simplest and most perfect of all languages, and that it needs only a sensibly written grammar to secure general acceptance of his views. It must be said, however, that in some cases he has simplified his grammar by ignoring some of the awkward facts of the language; his treatment, for example, of the horrible shall-and-will question is beautifully plain as far as it goes, but it quite disregards the difficult complications that arise in dependent clauses. Yet, in the main, the book does live up to its title by presenting with tolerable comprehensiveness and with unusual freedom from pedantry in definition and classification the essentials of English grammar.

Dr. Charles A. McMurry's "Special Method in Reading in the Grades" (The Macmillan Co.) is written around the popular modern theory that there *is* a royal road to learning, along which little pilgrims may pass in play. It puts great stress upon oral story-telling as the preliminary to reading, and upon manual training, singing, marching, games, and the various kindergarten devices for growing wise unawares. It rightly emphasizes the attractiveness and the cultural value of folk-lore and classical myth and story in the reading of childhood, and it supplies fairly extensive lists of books containing such material. Finally, it insists quite as much upon the necessity of flexibility, energy, and training in the teacher as upon the virtues of the special method. The fact that Dr. McMurry speaks with the enthusiasm of conviction and experience should make this work stimulating to primary instructors.

There is much good counsel in Grenville Kleiser's "How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). The good orator, according to Mr. Kleiser, must not only be a good man, but must also possess a trained mind, cultivated voice, and fresh, resilient body. Among the precepts for the care of the body, it is refreshing to find that the successful speaker must expect to take Mr. Dick's celebrated prescription for David Copperfield "at least once a day." Besides the usual directions and exercises for voice culture, there are many sensible suggestions on the development of a vocabulary, training of the memory, power in conversation and extemporaneous speaking, and various other matters. Though the book is designed to be especially helpful to ministers, its sound and fundamental method should make it generally useful.

Of the annual crop of books dealing with the theory and practice of writing, two seem to have some justification for existence. Martha Hale Shackford and Margaret Judson, of Wellesley and Vassar respectively, have prepared a "Composition Rhetoric-Literature" (Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.), designed to serve for a four years' course in secondary schools. This book is to be commended for its definite purpose, its systematic arrangement, and its adaptation to the college-entrance requirements. Among its special features, one notes with pleasure that it begins with a thorough review of grammar, that it contains a sensible and helpful chapter on letter-writing, that its treatment of the principles and types of poetry is exceptionally full, and that the study of literary masterpieces is closely related to practice in writing. The "Composition and Rhetoric" of Charles Swain Thomas, head of the English department in the Newton High School, and Prof. W. D. Howe, head of the English department in Indiana University (Longmans, Green & Co.), does not, in spite of its 509 pages, cover all the ground covered by the Shackford-Judson book, but it has a particular virtue of its own: it goes so close to the actual problems of the student, its suggestions are so practical and concrete, that it almost teaches itself. Many other manuals discuss the importance of choosing suitable materials for composition; few are so fertile in specific examples and vital hints. Many rhetorics supply ample materials for the study of principles; few provide such interesting material or such definite instructions for operating upon it.

In "A First German Book" (Henry Holt & Co.), George M. Howe follows the theory "that the best type of exercise is that which aids the student in a thorough assimilation of a well-chosen German text." Most teachers would agree with this statement; but many would disagree with the author as to what constitutes a suitable text for the earliest stages of instruction. The author has chosen three stories by Volkmann, has provided the earlier ones with both an interlinear and smooth translation, and added copious notes, followed by grammatical material and oral and written exercises. Lesson i, for example, treats forms of the preterite of simple verbs, yet the text itself is rich in noun and adjective inflections, the use of prepositions, separable verbs, etc. This material, when taken together with the vocabulary, would certainly seem to make too great demands upon both teacher and pupil. For some time the oral and written exercises must perforce entail a far too large amount of pure memory work. "German Grammar," by R. J. Ham and A. N. Leonard (Ginn & Co.), is a beginner's book that strikes no new note. We find the modern spirit of foreign language teaching expressed only in the anecdotes which form the basis of the lessons. In other respects the work follows traditional lines. The rules and paradigms with which each lesson begins, though well stated and selected, are out of proportion to the practice given. Moreover, the examples and word-lists are seldom vitally connected with the exercises. This is a weakness in any text-book. The sentences to be translated into and from the foreign language are rather better in quality than usual. A good feature is that only the more common words from the anecdotes are employed in them. Although a far safer book than the one criticised above, and although it is probably adequate for college classes, the grammar is really but another attempt to perfect a model which for secondary school purposes, at least, ought to have been discarded years ago. "Modern German Prose," compiled and annotated by A. B. Nichols (Henry Holt & Co.), is a chrestomathy of prose for use in advanced college classes. It is compiled much in the spirit of the books of Paszkowski and Henschke, but is superior to them for American students because of the notes, and the greater range and greater attractiveness of the material. The selections are short without being choppy; nor are they too difficult or too technical. In fine, it is an excellent compilation. It is a pity, however, that the proof-reading was not more carefully done. Let us hope that the sales will soon warrant a second revised edition. "Mit Ränzel und Wanderstab," by Emil Frommel, with exercises, notes, and vocabulary by W. Bernhardt (D. C. Heath & Co.), is a welcome addition to the all too few texts of the kind in which a love-story is not a part. It is a brightly told account of a walking trip a number of *Gymnasiasten* took many years ago in the Black Forest. It is wholesome reading, truly German in humor, and it ought especially to interest a class of boys. The exercises are in the form of three letters based upon the text. They read well and are supplemented by German questions based upon them. The notes and vocabulary seem adequate.

SCIENCE.

There are not too many introductions to psychology which steer the beginner safely between meaningless experiment and obscure theory. So Prof. Max Meyer's free, somewhat condensed translation of Ebbinghaus's "Abriss" is welcome. "Psychology" (D. C. Heath & Co.) has all the merits of its excellent original; it is brief, tainted by no fads, conservative, clear, and rich in example. It is not easier to read than the science is to learn. The translator generally remains true to Ebbinghaus and English alike; but the Teuton will out now and then in phrases like "the focalness of consciousness." Psychology is reduced to lowest terms in Prof. Carl E. Seashore's "Elementary Experiments in Psychology" (Henry Holt & Co.). The author aims to deliver first-year students from complicated, time-consuming instruments, which often serve only to confuse. His manual and its accompanying envelope full of "apparatus" constitute a pocket laboratory which is by purport a vestibule to a larger one and to the classroom. Professor Seashore has chosen experiments which arouse interest and deepen insight. His formal directions are clear, and his comments illuminating. A surprising amount of general psychological information is sprinkled about.

The "Economic Zoölogy" of Herbert Osborn (the Macmillan Co.) is intended for college students and general readers, described as an "ever-increasing body of citizens," but does not quite fulfil the promise.

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of the title. A rather meagre text is fully illuminated by illustrations, mostly from standard works, although a few are original, so that a good teacher many find the book useful. In the "First Course in Biology" (the Macmillan Co.) are brought together with separate paginations a "Plant Biology," by L. H. Bailey, and an "Animal Biology" and a "Human Biology," by W. M. Coleman. The book is declared to be an effort to make elementary instruction in these subjects more "applicable." The result is not very convincing, but in these matters everything depends upon the teacher.

In "A Text Book of Experimental Chemistry (with Descriptive Notes), for Students of General Inorganic Chemistry" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.), Prof. Edwin Lee, of Allegheny College aims to combine experiment and theory in due proportion, to devote more attention than usual to the energy side of the subject, and to introduce the newer theories of equilibrium and dissociation. But the fulfilment of this purpose is disappointing; for the book does not differ in scope and character from several others on the market, and it has some faults of its own, the chief of which are confusion in arrangement and clumsiness of wording. Why should the beginner in chemistry be met on the first page with the question whether matter is merely a product of thought, a manifestation of energy, or a cause of sensation? No sufficient explanation is given of what these different definitions mean. They are simply set down with the cautious conclusion, "Science seems unable as yet to predicate what matter is." The volume abounds in misprints and inconsistencies and disregards the ordinary rules of grammar to an extent unusual even in scientific text books. In one chapter "Hydrascids" and "Oxascids" are discussed and these are duly indexed. Another chapter refers to compounds of strikingly similar formula to the latter as "Oxacids," but this is not indexed, so it seems likely that the first word is merely an allotropic form of the second.

Among recent mathematical works from the Cambridge University Press are "A Course in Pure Mathematics," by G. H. Hardy, the second volume of Prof. G. H. Darwin's "Scientific Papers," and "The Thirteen Books of Euclid's Elements," by T. L. Heath. Of these works (all of which are published in America by G. P. Putnam's Sons) the first begins with a detailed analysis of the linear continuum, and culminates in the theory of the logarithm and the exponential. Designed for first-year university students, and intended to be read in connection with the usual text-books of analytical geometry and the calculus, it is chiefly notable for the omission of many of the usual topics, as, for example, the principle of convergence, for extraordinary emphasis on such regulative ideas as infinity and continuity, and for the deliberately prolix and multilateral treatment of them. The nine memoirs contained in the second volume of Darwin's "Papers" all deal with questions of tidal friction and its cosmogonic effects. To the mathematical astronomer they are of especial interest as giving the latest and best word of mathematics respecting celestial evolution. No mathematician, unless quite without historical and philosophical sense, can fail to be delighted with Mr. Heath's edition of Euclid. For it is not merely the first and only English translation of the famous "definitive MS." of Heiberg, but in three beautifully printed volumes it brings together in a most masterful exposition the results of critical inquiry from pre-Euclidean times down to the very latest European researches in the foundations of geometry. It is indeed a work that neither geometrician nor philosopher can afford to ignore. A specially commendable feature of Daniel A. Murray's "Differential and Integral Calculus" (Longmans, Green & Co.) —a respect in which most of its rivals are lacking—is the citation, in connection with important or difficult ideas, of standard works dealing with them. To be able to say of a secondary school book of mathematics that it is fresh, teachable, and sound is indeed rare, and it is, therefore, a special pleasure to be able to say these things of Prof. E. R. Hedrick's "Algebra for Secondary Schools" (American Book Co.).

The subject of physics has gradually increased in favor with teachers in the secondary schools. We have now associations of teachers, who hold yearly meetings to discuss proper methods of presenting the subject. Unlike chemistry and botany, physics demands more or less complicated and expensive apparatus, and it is therefore the constant endeavor of writers of text-books to suggest experiments that may be within the means of the ordinary school. Two of the most recent works are "Elements of Physics," by Prof. George A. Hoadley of Swarthmore (American Book Co.), and "Physics for Secondary Schools," by Charles F. Adams of the Detroit Central High School (American Book Co.). One will find it difficult to choose between these treatises. Both are intended for recitation work, and the performance by the student of qualitative experiments. Problems are given, but they are not connected with quantitative study. Both treatises have the merit of being compact. The "New Laboratory Manual of Physics," by S. E. Coleman of the Oakland High School, is what its title indicates. At the beginning of each class of experiments it gives references to text-books by various authors. One is surprised not to see any reference to the Harvard descriptive list of physical experiments which have had an important influence on the establishment of laboratory courses in secondary schools; yet one finds in Mr. Coleman's experiments suggestions from this list. We may add that there is a growing conviction among college instructors in physics that students preparing for college would be better fitted for the future study of physics if they devoted their time to trigonometry in the preparatory schools rather than to laboratory work. "A Text-Book of Physics," edited by A. Wilmer Duff (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.), is the combined work of Mr. Duff, Karl B. Guthe, William Hallock, E. Percival Lewis, Arthur Goodspeed, A. P. Carman, and R. K. McLung, and it has the merits of such co-operation. It is an excellent reference book for college students and takes the place of Ganot's "Physics," which has been a useful book in the past. "Electricity, Sound, and Light," by Prof. Robert Andrews Milliken of the University of Chicago and John Mills of Western Reserve, is called by the authors a short university course, and it promises to be a useful book in elementary college courses.

"Alternating Current Machines," by Samuel Sheldon, Hobart Mason, and Erich Hausman (D. Van Nostrand Co.), is a compact elementary treatise on a rapidly growing subject. It is lucid and moderately free from full-page illustrations of dynamos which can be described equally well by small diagrams—much to the profit of the pocket of the student. "Applied Mechanics for Engineers: A Text-Book for Elementary Students" (The Macmillan Co.), by Prof. E. L. Hancock of Purdue University, is a modest but sound work which will be welcomed by students of engineering.

MORE CARLYLE LETTERS.

The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh. Edited by Alexander Carlyle; with numerous illustrations, two in color. 2 vols. New York: John Lane Co. $8 net.

At the end of May, 1821, Edward Irving took Carlyle from Edinburgh out to Haddington to visit Jane Welsh. From that visit, Carlyle, as he wrote to his brother, "came back so full of joy" that he had "done nothing since but dream of it." Four days after his return he sent his first letter to the young heiress, as he regarded her, with directions for her reading and with excited allusions to the "few Elysian hours" they had spent together. It was the beginning of a correspondence which closed with a letter from Carlyle, dated October 9, 1826, a week before their marriage. These love letters between the two, preserved almost intact, were in the hands of Froude when he wrote the Life, and were interpreted and excerpted by him in a manner that was to bring on an Iliad of woes. In the "Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle," published by Professor Norton in 1886, a few of the letters were printed with the design of correcting Froude's misstatements, but the collection as a whole he regarded as "too sacred for publication"; and, indeed, Carlyle himself had left an injunction to this effect. Now, after long hesitation, Carlyle's nephew, feeling that the sacred trust was long ago violated by Froude, and that the finest service to the dead could be done only in this way, gives to the world the, practically, complete correspondence.

So far as mere interest goes, these two thick volumes will be a disappointment to readers who know the writers from Froude and from their other letters. There is something in the very *genre* of love letters that makes for dulness, and not even Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh could entirely overcome that tendency. Nor are the reasons for this rule hard to define. Such letters are commonly the product of youth—respectively twenty-six and twenty were the ages of our lovers at the beginning —whereas the real epistolary charm is rarely attained before full maturity.

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Good letters must be personal, yet the writer must at the same time stand apart from himself, so to speak, with a kind of amused or disillusioned indulgence in his own egotism; their style must be entirely spontaneous, yet adjusted to the nicest effects. Such a combination no writer is likely to possess until well along toward middle life; for a young man is too serious about his future, an old man too conscious of the waning of his powers. And in love the anti-epistolary faults of youth are all intensified. There have been few thoroughly interesting collections of love letters; those that occur to our memory as exceptions, Swift's and Mérimée's, were not written in youth, and were without passion in the ordinary sense of the word.

Here and there a passage shows Carlyle's power of caustic portraiture, as when, after seeing Coleridge in London, he writes of him as "sunk inextricably in the depths of putrescent indolence"; but these descriptions have been mostly omitted by the editor—unnecessarily, we think. Endless talk of "thee and me" is the burden of the letters, as, indeed, was proper and natural.

But if the entertainment afforded by these letters is not extraordinary, they have great value of another sort. We will not presume to say that we fully understand the characters of these strange lovers, but at least certain points in their courtship now stand out clearly. Carlyle, it is evident, was smitten by love at first sight in good orthodox fashion. Miss Welsh was dazzled by his intellect, but for some time scarcely conceived the possibility of marrying him. At the very beginning she gives him to understand that there is a social gulf between them, and Carlyle sends a manly acknowledgment and defence:

> Once more, then, I entreat for one word of kindness. Forget the roughness of my exterior, if you think me sound within. Let me write to you with frankness and from the heart, if you would not have me altogether despicable. The Graces cannot live under a sky so gloomy and tempestuous as mine. I lament their absence, since you lament it; but there is no remedy. If nature had meant me for a courtly person, she would have made me richer and more impudent. In this latter point, you think she has been liberal enough. How widely, how cruelly do you mistake me!

Carlyle was to her a schoolmaster, an aid to her absorbing determination to excel in literature. Whether from conviction or for flattery—he showed himself throughout a canny wooer—he expressed unbounded belief in her future. Indeed, for a while their letters are more concerned with her ambitions than his, and he soon feels obliged to send her counsels of moderation. He holds up as examples those who have come to honors late in life. "Will you also let me say," he adds, "that I continue to lament this inordinate *love of Fame* which so agitates you; and which, as I believe, lies at the root of all this mischief. I think this feeling unworthy of you: it is far too shallow a principle for a mind like yours." At another time, and the words sound strangely from his pen, he is warning her against overstudy and contemplative melancholy and "that sickness of noble hearts, that deep and sad feeling of the nothingness of the world, which is apt to arise from too exclusive a pursuit of things high and spiritual, and too great an isolation from the every-day interests and enjoyments of life." And then, as the months pass and neither her proposed translation from the German nor her meditated novel gets on, she becomes less the author and more the woman. "Oh! but *I have no genius!*" she cries in July of 1823, seeking the encouragement which Carlyle returns with no niggardly hand. The cry is repeated, but with less emphasis and less insistence until it is lost in the more absorbing struggle against succumbing to the man who all the while is able both to love and to work.

This more personal relation between the two is complicated by the fact that Carlyle's letters passed under the eyes of the lady's mother. Perhaps one should say rather "were supposed so to pass," for one suspects that the lady used this pretext to keep the gentleman within bounds of a brotherly and tutorial affection. At any rate, those bounds were broad enough, including certain demonstrations that may be claimed by a brother but scarcely by a tutor, and permitting a language of high-wrought passion which could speak almost anything but the word marriage. The crisis comes in a letter from Carlyle, dated Pentonville, January 9, 1825, with its direct appeal: "Will you go with me, will you be my own forever?" The lady's reply is frank, if disquieting:

> Think of something else, then; apply your industry to carry it into effect, your talents to gild over the inequality of our births; and then—we will talk of marrying. If all this were realized, I *think* I should have good sense enough to abate something of my romantic ideal, and to content myself with stopping short on this side idolatry,—at all events, I will marry no one else. This is all the promise I can or will make.

To this Carlyle sends a long answer, passing from reproach to submission. "*You* are such a generous spirit," he says; "but your purposes and feelings are not such." It would not be easy to find elsewhere a letter from a woman like that which follows from Miss Welsh:

> My heart is capable (I feel it is) of a love to which *no* deprivation would be a sacrifice—a love which would overleap that reverence for opinion with which education and weakness have begirt my sex, would bear down all the restraints which *duty* and *expediency* might throw in the way, and carry every thought and feeling of my being impetuously along with it. But the all-perfect mortal which could inspire me with a love so extravagant, is nowhere to be found, exists nowhere but in the romance of my own imagination! Perhaps it is better for me as it is. A passion like the torrent in the violence of its course, might perhaps too, like the torrent, leave ruin and desolation behind. In the mean time, I should be very mad, were I to act as if from the influence of such a passion, while my affections are in a state of perfect tranquillity. I have already explained to you the nature of my love for *you;* that it is deep and calm, more like the quiet river, which refreshes and beautifies where it flows, than the torrent which bears down and destroys. Yet it is materially different from what one feels for a statue or a picture.

But she adds: "Not many months ago, I would have said it was impossible that I should ever be your Wife; at present, I consider this the most probable destiny for me." It was a virtual defeat, and, indeed, she herself regarded her words as practically an engagement. The third and fourth acts of the drama simply show the increasing domination of Carlyle's personality over hers. In the end the misgivings were more on his part than on hers. Having surrendered, she, with a woman's singleness of mind, saw but one thing, her love; whereas the dualism of masculine nature shows itself in his occasional sad self-questionings.

It is a strange drama of the heart that is set in these letters, and they have the further value of putting to rest a number of doubts that should never have been raised. To say, after reading these confessions, that Miss Welsh never really loved Carlyle, would be stark nonsense. They, moreover, forever put away Irving as an important factor in the event. Mr. Craig, we think, would not have written his recently published volume on "The Making of Carlyle" (see the *Nation*, April 8, p. 360), if he had perused this record. That Miss Welsh was once enamoured of Irving she herself admits in a letter of humble contrition; that she had any regard for him after Carlyle came well upon the scene her expressions of amused contempt for him and her attitude toward his wife make inconceivable.

More important is the light thrown by these letters on Froude. Undoubtedly that writer erred not only in matters of fact but in comprehension. First of all, the nasty scandal that he left to be scattered to the world after his death is again completely discredited. The letters of Carlyle here printed agree with those written after his marriage in rendering such an hypothesis perfectly foolish; and in his notes the present editor brings direct evidence against it, if such evidence be needed. To a certain extent also Froude's exaltation of Mrs. Carlyle at the expense of her husband be-

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comes less plausible, for, if any such balance must be struck, the man comes through the ordeal of the drama now disclosed with higher honors than the woman. Yet, withal, in its larger aspects Froude's characterization is rather confirmed than discredited. If his judgment was highly peccable, he at least had that literary genius which alone could set Carlyle before us as himself a living genius. He understood also the egotism, the magnificent egotism, of Carlyle, which is so essential a part of his power. We may henceforth, out of regard for these letters and the other letters published since Froude's work, believe that the married life of the Carlyles was not so tragic as it was there presented. Twenty years after marriage the wife could write in a letter now in the possession of the editor: "I have grown to love you, the longer the more, till now you are grown to be the whole Universe, God, everything to me"; but it is still true, and these letters do not detract from such an impression, that Carlyle must have been, to use Froude's version of the phrase, "gey ill to *live* with." Not with impunity shall a woman surrender herself to the keeping of one with the intense, brooding, troubled egotism that made the *fond* of Carlyle's character. Nor was he himself blind to this danger. In a moment of expansiveness, after Miss Welsh had written her confession of an early love for Irving which she had concealed from Carlyle, he breaks out into a passionate cry of alarm:

> You feel grateful to me that I have "forgiven" you? You thank me, and say I treat you generously? Alas, alas! I deserve no gratitude. What have I done? Assured you that my affection is still yours, that you are even dearer to me for this painful circumstance. But do you know the worth of that affection? Have you ever seen *me* and my condition in the naked eye of your reason? You have not: you do not know me. . . . What is my love of you or of any one? A wild peal through the desolate chambers of my soul, forcing perhaps a bitter tear into my eyes, and then giving place to silence and death? You know me not; no living mortal knows me—seems to know me. My heart has been steeped in solitary bitterness, till the life of it is gone: the heaven of two confiding souls that live but for each other encircled with glad affection, enlightened by the sun of worldly blessings and suitable activity, is a thing that I contemplate from a far distance, without the hope, sometimes even without the wish, of reaching it. Am I not poor and sick and helpless and estranged from all men? I lie upon the thorny couch of pain, my pillow is the iron pillow of despair: I can rest on them in silence, but that is all that I can do. Think of it, Jane! I can never make you happy. Leave me, then! Why should I destroy you? It is but one bold step and it is done. We shall suffer, suffer to the heart; but we shall have obeyed the voice of reason, and time will teach us to endure it.

These were not the words of an idle romanticism; they sprang from the depths of the man's being, and in them lies the justification of Froude's magnificent biography, however we shall be obliged to correct his work in details. After all deductions are made, the real Carlyle is the Carlyle of Froude.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Prince of Dreamers. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Before this book appeared, one would have said that Mrs. Steel was probably as well qualified to write an historical romance of India as any one living. Her wide acquaintance with modern India she has revealed in several novels of decided depth and power. Her recently published history of the country declares her interest in the long evolution of Indian civilization. Yet in spite of her combination of talents, she has fallen to the bottom of the pit which gapes for all historical romancers, and which is most dangerous, unfortunately, to those whose purposes are most serious. The interests of the novelist spoil the "Prince of Dreamers" as history, and the interests of the historian spoil it as fiction. It was perhaps true to fact to make the court of the great sixteenth century Mogul, Jelâl-ud-din Mahomed Akbar, as dull as a stagnant pond, even when the heir-apparent was conspiring against the throne. If the book really admitted us to the mysteries of Akbar's dream, we could dispense with external action; but though his interpreter tells us in so many words that he was dreaming of empire, the man himself remains a kind of graven image, inarticulate and impenetrable to the end. In the last two or three chapters the infinitely tedious plotting and tattle about the possession of the King's Luck, a big diamond which Akbar wore in his turban, comes to a sharp head, and we enjoy a few minutes of unexpected excitement. If there is any profound significance in the story, we reluctantly assent to the motto from Hafiz on the fly-leaf: "Not every one who readeth the page understandeth the meaning." Nor—to pass on to less obscure matters—is it always easy to understand the style. The problem of making the characters speak without destroying the illusion was, of course, difficult. But a modicum of stylistic tact would have felt the vicious dissonance of "messieurs," "Let her pass an' she will," "A Râjput lives by his sword—would I had it in some wames I wot of." So far as the merely descriptive passages go—and they go very far indeed—we will not question the accuracy of Mrs. Steel's antiquarianism. It is exactly the antiquarian's love of discoursing in detail on ancient manners, costumes, etiquette, games, morals, religions, and literatures—it is this antiquarianism, tempered by a love of gorgeous word pictures, that ruins the book. The ill-fated story, symbolic or not, is absolutely smothered to death by description.

The Straw. By Rina Ramsay. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A slight but fairly diverting book made up of a half-dozen foxhunts and a murder—the treatment is just serious enough to hit off the life of the rather seedy English gentry who follow the hounds, after the custom of their forefathers. The characterization of the dowdy, coarse-fibred women and empty-headed men is sketchy but light-handed and clever. The two rascally "Babes" who, subsidized by their aunt, pretend to be engaged in scientific farming, but in reality hang on the skirts of the hunt, are jolly novelties in humor—attached, to be sure, somewhat artificially to the main action. The Straw, the only "nice" woman in the community, is the pivot of the serious action. She excites the hatred of the faster element among her associates and the chivalry and sympathy of the better sort. She herself is an extremely passive and insignificant creature, standing mute and helpless amid the contending passions which she evokes. Yet though her attempt to save a morally drowning man leads indirectly to his ruin, the influence of the poor girl is in the long run salutary, and her sense of right and wrong becomes the touchstone to test the other characters. None of these people, however, is deep or subtle enough to excite any lasting interest. The zest of the book lies in the crisp, racy style, and in the fact that one is kept most of the time in the saddle, galloping furiously after the hounds.

Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. By Marguerite Bryan. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is a thoughtful story of serious purpose and of high-minded endurance, endeavor, and accomplishment. The scene is in England. Of the characters there is, first, the hero, who, having when a little boy tramped the road with his mother and having never forgotten how rough was the way for them both, dreams dreams of becoming a maker of "highroads—not in towns but across countries—roads that will be easy to travel on and will last." Then there is the memory of the mother, weary and worn, a Socialist who had fled from her husband, preferring poverty and the road to money made by oppressing the poor. Later comes into the story the father himself, still piling up his hard-hearted millions and desiring at last to find his son. Meantime a relative of his, an old lover of the mother, has plucked the boy from the poorhouse and

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is bringing him up in an atmosphere of high thinking and useful doing. The family circle thus opened to include the young Christopher supplies a numerous addition to the list of characters, as well as a new set of problems. These, unrelated to roadmaking or to tainted wealth, are concerned with the irrational tempers of two of the group, the treatment of which is a problem in psychology. The marvellous insight and controlling force of Christopher in the case of the young girl lead to obvious results. It is doubly a document, no doubt, but no doubt, also, an interesting story written in a fine spirit. The greatest fault of workmanship is excessive deliberation. A hundred pages less and the weaving would draw together into greater firmness. The reviewer will also ever pray in the interest of the English language, and before the standard dictionaries have marked it for their own, that the word "cute" be banished from the pages of serious literature.

Old Lady Number 31. By Louise Forsslund. New York: The Century Co.

To write about the aged is difficult; for the sentiments, hopes, and passions of old people have been ground too fine under the wheels of the world. Great, then, is the triumph of one who catches the octogenarian soul as surely as Louise Forsslund has in this story of Abe and Angy Rose. Characters like Old Lady Number 31 and his friends are seldom found between covers. Abe is a senile failure, who sinks all his savings in an unknown gold mine and lives for the next eighteen years on what he can borrow. Angy accepts him for worse, as for better, apologizes full forty years without complaint of his shortcomings, and whispers not an unkind word even when the auctioneer, foreclosing a mortgage, turns the pair out of their cottage. The story tells how they found lodgings in an Old Ladies' Home, lost them, and then found them again.

Miss Forsslund has sacrificed much in the narrative, but always the right things. There is no more plot than in the lives of old people; what little there is ambles along from adventure to adventure, a highly respectable, profoundly trivial picaresque. Crises turn about old armchairs, a canister of tobacco, and an oyster stew. The jests are hoary and unadorned. But with all this there is imported an exquisite honesty finer than mere realism.

The Butler's Story. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is an interesting contribution to sociological fiction from the point of view of the servant. It must be taken into consideration, however, that the butler is English, and consequently born and bred to a sense of the divine origin of class that is usually absent in America. He is a Yellowplush up to date, more strenuous, more serious-minded, more given to moralizing in the intervals of melodrama. The book is essentially journalism, and flatters the reader with a sense of astuteness by allowing him to recognize through thin disguises divers sensations of the day, from the latest exposure of graft to the innocent pranks of the inexhaustible author of "The Metropolis."

William Lyon Mackenzie. By Charles Lindsey. Toronto: Morang & Co.

The important series of historical biographies, The Makers of Canada, is brought to a conclusion by this life of William Lyon Mackenzie, political reformer and leader of the Upper Canadian rebellion of 1837. The original intention was that Dr. W. D. LeSueur of Ottawa, one of the editors of the series, was to have contributed the volume on Mackenzie. Dr. LeSueur prepared the biography, but through some unfortunate differences of opinion between author and publisher as to the character of the work—the merits of which need not be gone into here—Dr. LeSueur's book was withdrawn, and another substituted. Failing Dr. LeSueur's biography, which, in such scholarly hands, could not have been anything but informing, it is fortunate that the publisher had available another life of Mackenzie of more than ordinary merit. Charles Lindsey's "Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie" was first published as long ago as 1862, and was found to be so full and impartial that it has remained to the present day the only published life of the great Canadian. Mr. Lindsey, who died a few months ago at an advanced age, enjoyed exceptional opportunities for acquiring the essential material for an account of Mackenzie. He had not only at command a mass of documentary material left by Mackenzie, bearing upon his career in politics and journalism, and on the history of the rebellion, but Lindsey's personal relations with Mackenzie had been exceptionally intimate. Politically, the two men were wide apart; yet the biographer handled his subject so judiciously that even in 1862, when the bitterness of party spirit had not yet been softened by a broader national outlook, the book commended itself to men of all political views. For the present series, Charles Lindsey's work has been carefully edited by his son, G. G. S. Lindsey of Toronto, who has condensed it and added a good deal of new material drawn from family documents. In an introductory chapter he has embodied a clear and well-balanced review of the stormy period in which Mackenzie's energetic personality filled so large a place. Here Mr. Lindsey has made effective use of Durham's "Report on Canadian Affairs," which furnishes striking testimony as to the intolerable conditions preceding the rebellion of 1837.

Mackenzie was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1795. After several unsuccessful attempts to make a living in his native land, he sailed for Canada in 1820. After his arrival he was engaged for a time in business, but his impetuous temperament would not long brook the rôle of a mere onlooker. Upper Canada was seething with unrest, and, in 1824, Mackenzie threw himself into the fight for responsible government, almost immediately taking a leading part among the reformers. He established the *Colonial Advocate* at Queenstown, moving it the following year to York (now Toronto), and vehemently attacked the Family Compact and the abuses of power for which he held that select group of Tories responsible. Elected to the Legislature in 1828, he became the virtual leader of the reform party there, as well as throughout the province. Of the circumstances attending his repeated expulsions from the Legislature by the dominant party, and the obstinacy with which his constituents sent him back with increased majorities; his mission to England; the events leading up to the rebellion, and the rebellion itself; his exile in the United States, and his relations there with Presidents Van Buren and Polk, with Horace Greeley, and others; his return to Canada in 1850 and election to the Legislature the following year; his retirement from politics and later years—of all these matters a very full, impartial, and thoroughly interesting account is given. Few thoughtful Canadians nowadays will be found to condemn Mackenzie unreservedly, in face of all the facts, even in his final resort to armed rebellion. The principles for which he contended, for which he fought and suffered, are those which to-day form the very foundation-stones of the great commonwealths of Canada and Australia, and will be embodied in the Constitution of the coming commonwealth of South Africa. They are generally accepted by all English-speaking peoples.

Side Lights on Chinese Life. By the Rev. J. Macgowan; with 12 illustrations in color by Montague Smith and 34 other illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

Every-Day Japan. By Arthur Lloyd; with 8 plates in color and 96 reproductions from photographs. New York: Cassell & Co. $4 net.

Notwithstanding striking contrasts which appear upon the surface, the Chinese and the Japanese are regarded by many persons as substantially one people, or, if not one, still as closely related and to be put in the same class. With other persons the question of the superiority of the one race or the other

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is a topic of unending dispute. To all who are interested in such questions we can commend these two volumes. They are careful, unprejudiced studies by men who have lived long in the lands they describe and who are competent scholars, knowing not only the vernacular, but also the literature and history and religion of the people.

There is a difference in attitude, it is true, for Mr. Macgowan stands upon the outside of the life which he describes, and Mr. Lloyd identifies himself with the Japanese. To the first the Chinese remain a mystery:

> The Chinaman's mind is a profound and inexplicable puzzle that many have vainly endeavored to solve. . . . Any one who has ever studied the Chinese character must have come to the conclusion that the instincts and aims of the people of the Chinese Empire are distinctly the reverse of those that exist in the minds of the men of the west (p. 1, 2).

For example, the Chinaman never dreams of being straightforward, as "a straight line is something which his mind recoils from" and "he prefers an oblique and winding path." With this as thesis, the author proceeds; but as he writes he disproves it; for, after all, the differences which separate Chinaman and Englishman are neither insurmountable nor impenetrable, but are the outcome of differing traditions and differing environments. Mr. Macgowan succeeds in making us understand his Chinamen very well, for he sees that "one secret of the extraordinary power that the Chinese undoubtedly have is the very large amount of genuine human nature with which as a race they are endowed." This is a much better proposition with which to start, and it really dominates the book. The Chinaman, to make a composite photograph, has humor, delights in wit and in jokes, enjoys life, is usually full of kindness and sympathy and exercises these qualities in such a genial way that our hearts go out to him. Yet at times, when passion gets the better of him, he may be hideously cruel. Perhaps this trait is connected with the fact that he lacks nerves, and himself endures pain, labor, discomfort with a disregard which can be accounted for only on the supposition that he does not suffer as Europeans suffer. He has a rare tenacity which holds him fast to his purpose, let what will intervene. He has a strength of physique which make this possible, and he is sober, measured, and never in a hurry. This dogged inflexibility, indeed, acts to his hurt, for it represses originality and recoils from innovations. Hence there is an appalling monotony—houses, furniture, decorations, implements, clothes, literature, everywhere and always upon the same plan, so that one Chinese city may stand as representative of all. Thus it is that, in spite of present efforts progressive ideas will be very slow in penetrating the length and breadth of the nation, though the result is certain in the end. As a workman, the Chinaman is neither efficient nor thorough; as a farmer he is second to none in skill; as a merchant he is to be wholly trusted in certain dealings and wholly to be doubted in others; as an official he is altogether to be avoided and condemned. He is credulous in some things and a skeptic in others. In short, he is a very human being akin to us all.

With Mr. Lloyd we enter upon a different world. He finds nothing essentially strange or mysterious in the Japanese, though they are a bit reticent and self-contained; but this is "possibly a result of heredity, derived from the bitter experiences of the past," that is, of the feudal times when quick punishment sometimes preceded examination. In China all towns are alike; in Japan, they differ as English or American towns differ. Over against the Chinese dislike of change is the Japanese readiness to adopt whatever is good, whether old or new, native or foreign. Without dwelling on Mr. Lloyd's book, we may summarize his characterization of the Japanese. They are frugal, industrious, practical, generous, high spirited, kind to all with whom they come in contact, religious (though this religion is hazy), brave, enduring. But adjectives are misplaced when applied to any mass of humanity, and the "Japanese cannot be put in a class by themselves, they are just 'average human'; they have their vices as well as their virtues, their shortcomings as well as their excellences."

With that judgment we may end, certain that it expresses the truth of the Chinese as well. As we cannot indict a whole people, neither can we praise it; and as we come to know any race, the disposition to judge the whole disappears and the individual takes his true place. We learn that the differences which seem so great to untrained eyes are far less important than is the fundamental unity which makes all races one.

The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. By Robert William Rogers. Pp. xiv +235. New York: Eaton & Mains. $2.

This volume, made up of five lectures delivered at Harvard University, is easy reading and gives, on the whole, a good cursory view of the subject, such as the ordinary intelligent student, not a technical scholar, can grasp. The lectures do not profess to contain any new material, the result of special research or discovery; but Professor Rogers is a competent Assyriologist, well versed in the literature of the subject, so that in general he presents the conclusions from the latest investigations.

The opening lecture, "The Recovery of a Lost Religion," is little more than a condensation of the first part of the first volume of the author's own "History of Babylonia and Assyria." The title of this lecture is rather misleading and the chapter itself scarcely a legitimate part of a volume on religion, being an historical account of excavations and explorations. Another point open to criticism is the illustrations, some twenty-six in all. Most of them are representations of Assyrian tablets, seven of the Creation and four of the Deluge. The ordinary object of photographic reproductions of tablets is to put the original text before the reader. But from the reproductions in this volume the text could scarcely be made out, nor could the readers for whom such a work is intended read the text, even if it were legible. One or two pictures would have been enough to enable the reader to see what an Assyrian tablet is like, and the author could have used the space thus gained to print valuable illustrations of another sort—statues, bas reliefs, monuments, seal cylinders, and the like—showing the gods and demons and the religious and magical acts and practices of Babylonians and Assyrians. On this, the archæological side of his theme, the author seems to be weak.

Among other illustrations (p. 91) are three tablets containing the name Yahawe (spelled elsewhere "Yahveh," an inexcusable combination of German and English). According to Professor Rogers's transliteration, the form of the sacred name known to us in the Hebrew Masoretic text was actually discovered on Babylonian tablets of 2000 B. C. (*Iaa've*, or *Iave*). Should not the name, however, rather be read *Iau* or *Iaum*, as, in fact, it appears according to Rogers's transliteration on the third tablet? Recent discoveries of Aramaic Jewish documents in Egypt and of Hebrew inscribed bowls at Gezer and Jericho would seem to show that Yahu (*Yhw*, a trigram, not Yahweh, a tetragram, was the name of the divinity in actual use among the Hebrews until and after the Captivity. This is also the form in which the name occurs in composition in proper names, even in the Masoretic Hebrew text. The form Yahweh, or Yahaweh, seems to be a special differentiation adopted later, possibly to prevent confusion of the God of Israel with the *Yahu*, or *Yahw*, of other kindred people.

Professor Rogers lays great emphasis on the similarity and relation of Jewish religion, Jewish myths, Jewish psalmody, and much more to the Babylonian, but at the same time warns the reader against the mistake which Delitzsch and his school have made in failing to note the still more important differences between the religious ideas and practices of Israel and those of Babylonia. In fact, the author's reiteration of the monotheistic, spiritual, and lofty character of Hebrew thought in contrast

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to the polytheism, materialism, and superstition of the Babylonian religion becomes almost tedious. In dealing with the relation of Hebrew psalmody to the old Babylonian psalms and hymns, he enters what we think is a just protest against the present tendency of Old Testament critics to bring down all Hebrew literature, and especially the psalm literature, to a very late date. In this respect, as in others, the book is one of much interest for the student of the Old Testament as well as for the student of the ancient Babylonian and Assyrian religion as such.

Science.

Fish Stories: Alleged and Experienced, with a Little History, Natural and Unnatural. By Charles Frederick Holder and David Starr Jordan. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

With Rifle in Five Continents. By Paul Niedieck; translated from the German by H. B. Stanwell. With 32 full-page photographic plates, and 174 illustrations in the text. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The American Nature Series provides, in its fifth branch, for "Diversions from Nature." It is under this heading that the volume of "Fish Stories," by Mr. Holder and President Jordan falls. As a document in the controversy precipitated a few years ago by John Burroughs, its main importance lies in its demonstration that a genuine scientific equipment does not of itself disqualify one for successful nature-writing, and that even when the exigencies of a good yarn demand that truth be thrown to the winds, the school children of the rising generation need not be fatally led astray, as the manner of some is. The reader who would distinguish the work of the individual authors is respectfully referred, in the preface, to "the well-known rules of the Higher Criticism." We shall not stop to solve the problem in detail, but wherever the reader sees anything like "the big dorsal sail-like fin of the sword-fish, gleaming, rippling in the sunlight like some gorgeous fabric set with turquoise, sapphire, and tourmaline," the hue of Mr. Holder's ink is evident. The attack on the "new school" nature writer which underlies the whole volume is in general impersonal, but in one chapter, "The Unnatural History of the Sea," the lance is hurled savagely at a definite object, "The Haunters of the Silences," by Charles G. D. Roberts. When the squid, with its tiny mouth, is made to swallow basking sharks, sawfish and swordfish for the delectation of children who are left to suppose that they are acquiring genuine facts of natural history, Dr. Jordan (we cannot stop to explain the rule of Higher Criticism which guides us in the attribution), thinks it high time for a vigorous protest. As an antidote to such tales, he closes the chapter with Holman Day's poetical tale of "The Shag-eyed Shark." But even Homer nods. Many an innocent reader of this very volume will lay it down under the impression that a St. Lawrence muskallunge may weigh two pounds and three-quarters before it has yet reached the length of twelve inches, in which case, it would be a "diversion from nature" somewhat suggestive of the obnoxious squid, after its dinner of basking sharks and swordfish. As a whole, however, the book is admirably done. It is interesting in every part, it teems with scientific fact clearly stated, and its facts and fictions do not overlap in that hazy borderland which marks the work of writers who try to elucidate nature with the equipment merely of the sensational journalist.

Mr. Niedieck's volume, recording the experiences of seven years of rifle shooting in most of the big game regions of the earth, naturally grows a little monotonous to any reader who is not an enthusiast. In his numerous accounts of absolute misses, and of wounded animals allowed to escape, one finds ample warrant for accepting the positive side of his story at its face value. He expressly disclaims any credit for scientific discovery, though the Berlin Zoological Museum seems to have profited to some extent from his collection of trophies, at least in his Alaskan hunting, where some sort of scientific credentials are necessary before trophies are allowed to be removed from the territory. It makes the intelligent reader a little restless to be solemnly informed that the sinking of a hippopotamus, after it is shot in the water, "is accounted for by the fact that his specific gravity is greater than the weight of the water he displaces." Mr. Niedieck follows his bent with no apparent regard for expense. We sometimes find a score or two of natives in his employ in various capacities, and for a trip up the White Nile he charters two sailboats, one of them carrying eight camels and two donkeys. The cheap and easily managed African and Asiatic native assistant, however, left him in no mood to appreciate the virtues of such help as he was forced to rely upon in Alaska. The idea of equality, brought in under the rule of the United States, he thinks, has ruined the Indian. The Russian did better, who used the knout, and where the knout failed converted the Indian to his faith and made him obedient by picturing to him the terrors of hell. But now "it has actually come to this, that in this country no one speaks of a gentleman—only of a man." One Indian, bearing the suggestive name of Dennis, "definitely disputed my right," he tells us, "to find fault with any of his work or give him any orders whatever. And these are utterly uncivilized creatures, who can neither read nor write nor speak good English, and yet think themselves our equals because they wear collars and ties and cowboy hats which cost twenty-four shillings, and, what is more, are paid sixteen shillings a day, with food provided!" This flagrant case was in British territory, and he thanks heaven that such a state of affairs is wholly unknown in other British colonies. "Canada, however, has been greatly influenced and spoilt by its close proximity to the United States. . . . There are only masters here, no servants." The photographic illustration of the book is in the main excellent and in solid value we are disposed to place it well above the text.

Coming almost at the same time with the announcement of Lieut. Shackelton's achievement in the Antarctic Circle, the publication (by Georg Reimer, Berlin) of "Die Russische Polarfahrt der Sarja," made in 1900-1902 under the leadership of Baron Eduard von Toll, is of special interest. The story is put together by the Baroness Emmy von Toll, from the diary of the intrepid explorer recovered after his death. The more or less *wissenschäftlich* text is brightened up with maps and fifty or more good illustrations from photographs. The narrative is eminently human, with the record of intense physical and mental suffering incidental to such a combat with the elements and such a protracted separation from home and friends. Baron von Toll first went to the Arctic in the expedition of 1885-87 directed by Dr. A. von Bunge; and in 1893 and 1899 explored for himself the New Siberian Island. The concluding chapters of the work sum up the considerable accomplishments of Von Toll, especially in the fields of geology and botany, and indicate that a mass of valuable material for several departments of science awaits working up at St. Petersburg. There are interesting references to De Long and Melville, and their work at Bennett Island, but it is odd that the details of the Baron's death are not given.

Dr. W. S. Bruce of the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory has organized another Antarctic expedition, to leave England in 1911. The expedition is to be supplementary to the work of the Scottish National Antarctic and other recent Antarctic explorations, and the plans include extensive oceanographical working in the South Atlantic Ocean and in the Weddell and Biscoe Seas, between 40 degrees and 75 degrees south latitude, the mapping of the coast line of Antarctica to the east and west of Coat's Land, and an investigation of the interior of Antarctica. It is proposed to have a ship of 250 or 300 tons register, carrying about thirty-six men, including six scientists. The vessel is to be provided with all the most modern equipment for work in depths exceeding 3,000 fathoms, and several motor-sledges, light and easy to handle, as well as ponies and dogs, will be taken. Dr. Bruce, after setting up a winter station at or near Coat's Land, will dismiss the ship,

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which, after landing stores and equipment for three years, and refitting at Cape Town, will proceed to New Zealand. The following season she will go on to McMurdo Bay or King Edward Land, in order to lay out caches and await the arrival of Dr. Bruce, who intends to attempt to cross the Antarctic Continent from Coat's Land to McMurdo Bay, or possibly King Edward Land. The programme includes a circum-Polar bathymetrical survey in high southern latitudes.

Drama.

THE PARIS THEATRE.

PARIS, April 3.

A few of the many plays which have appeared on the Paris stage during the winter deserve notice abroad, whether for the scandal of them or for literary merit. "Le Foyer," by Octave Mirbeau in collaboration with Thadée Natanson, unites both titles to attention in a high degree. Legal proceedings were needed to make the Comédie Française, where it had been incautiously accepted, finally resolve to produce it. The police had to intervene to keep order at the first representations; and its subsequent tour through the chief provincial cities has been accompanied by the same *succès de scandale*. From the beginning of his career, Octave Mirbeau has used his very perfect style to flagellate his literary masters and all who stand with them. He must have been unhappy at his highly respectable school, with its religious and conservative traditions. When it is not the clergy, it is *bourgeois* charity or business success, or, in general, everything that is looked up to in the respectable world, which he flays with the knotted, nail-studded whiplash of his language. His present hypocrite uses his wife, uses the orphan asylum over whose committee he presides, only to extort money for his own vicious pleasures. Of course, the hypocrite is Christian and Clerical; but these two qualities so little recommend a man publicly in France of to-day that the play seems an anachronism. Yet its production has been somehow followed by exaggerated, perhaps fabricated, scandals in real life concerning the treatment of children in two Conservative institutions—La Mettraie, where, in accordance with French traditions of parental authority, rich people have placed children refractory to ordinary and more humane schooling, with the countenance of precisely those Senators and Moral Academicians who have done most for the preservation of youth, rich or poor; and Orgeville for vicious, degenerate, and abnormal children, whom only prisons would otherwise receive, a colony founded by a Paris judge in memory of his father, whom the Commune shot among its hostages. The play, the prosecutions, and the press comments on both give the measure of the hatred against the Old France in the New.

Émile Fabre is another Aristophanes in French Athens; but his sombre satire, without being Clerical or Christian, has for its object those who "arrive" in the new order—"Les Vainqueurs," a play aided by the distinguished talent of the actor Gémier at the Théâtre Antoine. It follows the line of attack of his four previous pieces: Money is the root of all evil among men and women of to-day. His hero, a sorry one, has succeeded in all his combinations and is a member of Parliament on the point of becoming Minister, the goal of public life in France. Suddenly he is confronted by a shady money transaction of the past, in which, after all, he had played a part only half-consciously; and he averts ruin by sacrificing his wife, only to see his son die as the consequence when victory issues from his dishonor. Though not so strongly written, it is a more powerful play than Mirbeau's; and, without having had the aid of scandal for present success, it is likely to be more enduring in dramatic literature.

Two other of the great plays of the season are tinged with this acrid pessimism. "Connais-toi!" by Paul Hervieu, has all the qualities which brought this author into the Academy. Concentration of plot and doing away with all useless complication or talk, clearness of speech, and tense dialogue, all strike home the lesson which the hero learns —"Know thyself!" That is, when you set out to make others condone their sister's fault, you may find on the way many such sisters of your own (particularly on the French stage). "Le Scandale," by Henry Bataille is one of the most effective pieces of the season and perhaps the best written from the point of view of literature—and it is one of the most disagreeable. At the fashionable watering place of Luchon in the Pyrenees, a young wife, not evil, simply feather-headed, being left alone by her husband, manages to compromise herself heedlessly with one of those high-flying adventurers who infest such places everywhere on the Continent; and the play unrolls the successive epochs of his blackmailing and the attempt of forgiving husband and wife to stand up against the "scandal" of their provincial town. Henry Bataille, in poetry and prose, has won recognition as one of the writers who promises most for the future. He is not yet forty—is it already too late for him to escape the obsession of sex?

"La Furie" of Jules Bois also entered the Théâtre Français by the door of a lawsuit, but it turned on a mere question of contract. Costumes and decorations are imitated from the finds in the recent excavations of Crete; and the play is written, with infinite pains, in classical French verse. Yet it has neither the repose of Greek tragedy, nor the simplified unity of classic French pupils. Hercules is a citizen come home to teach wife and friends Pacifism and Free Thought. He finds war, within and without, and his wife not unwillingly in possession of the tyrant, whom he incontinently strangles; whereupon the fatal Egyptian woman hynotizes him and he slays wife and children. Euripides was doubtless an anti-Clerical, and Seneca would not have faltered at science; but the Hercules Furens of each of them would have found himself equally a stranger to this modern composite photograph.

"La Route d'émeraude" is also a play in poetry, with the gay, sounding verse to which we apply other sense adjectives like colored and warm and which we expect from Jean Richepin. Only the form is his; the matter is from the romance of Eugene Demolder, one of the chiefs of that Belgian literature which is now beginning to burst its local bounds. With many a Flemish detail, painters and models, gypsies and sea-captains, the hero wanders afar from his father's mill; but he is led back by a murder on his own part and a missed musket-shot intended to kill him on the part of another—and the gypsy model goes sailing away to Spain. It is the life which Richepin loved and which blocked his way to the Academy so long; and it has inspired him with the verse which won him his election at the same time as the appearance of this glorious, adventuresome play. "Beethoven" at the Odéon is a new kind of verse play by an almost new man, René Fauchois. It takes up the whole love life of the composer, who put at the head of one of his sonatas—*Durch Leiden Freude*. The succession of heartbreaks —through grief to joy—allows an orchestra to interlude the piece pleasantly with choice fragments of the hero's music. Naturally, the verse is not so good as Richepin's nor even as that of Jules Bois.

After all this serious or strenuous drama, it is a pleasure to wind up with pure light comedy—as pure as French comedy has been of late years, and admirably light, leaving the hearer without that bad taste in the mouth which so mixes sense metaphors with the critics. "L'Âne de Buridan" of Robert de Flers and Gaston de Caillavet, easily the day's masters of unalloyed humor, places the hero undecided between two charmers, like the scholastic ass, dying between equally attractive food and drink; an innocent girl decides him.

S. D.

The latest contribution to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is from the pen of Mark Twain: "Is Shakespeare Dead? From My Autobiography" (Harper & Bros.). The subtitle is fairly descriptive; for the volume contains considerable passages of

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autobiography which are not vital to the argument, but which are sometimes rather amusing. The humor, however, it must be confessed, is occasionally somewhat forced. Otherwise the case for Bacon is presented clearly and forcibly. The main points are, of course, familiar; very little is actually known of Shakespeare's life, and that little does not show him as a great writer. The extraordinary acquaintance with the law displayed in his dramas can hardly be explained, while Bacon was a distinguished lawyer, to whom exact knowledge of legal terms was almost second nature. These points are elaborated with considerable ingenuity; but even then the book is rather insubstantial—a pamphlet expanded by means of large type and thick paper.

A notable contribution to the rapidly-growing Menander literature inspired by the recent discovery of extensive remains of four plays is the article "The Iambic Trimeter in Menander," by Prof. John Williams White of Harvard in the April number of *Classical Philology*. The laws which Menander observed in the construction of this verse are deduced from statistical exhibits of the facts furnished by the unbroken verses of the new text, and are discussed with the lucidity which characterizes the work of this scholar. Practically all the rhythmical vices which Menander is shown to have avoided are grimly illustrated by attempts upon the broken lines perpetrated by his modern restorers, to whom this study will bring welcome, if often humiliating, enlightenment.

Music.

WHY CONCERTS DO NOT PAY.

Rosenthal's advice to another pianist who complained that he was in need of money, "Give fewer concerts," sounds funny, but it also epitomizes the plain truth that too many concerts are given, at least in our large cities. A few artists, like Paderewski, Wüllner, Sembrich, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Gadski, can give recitals here and make money; but most of the others are still dependent on the support of piano manufacturers, and women's clubs. In the metropolis, recitals are given chiefly for the press notices, which, after being judiciously pruned, are reprinted in circulars. These circulars are necessary for success in the provinces; so, at least the singers and players are informed by their managers. Thus concerts are multiplied, and the supply far exceeds the demand. While there are some concert-goers who avoid the opera houses, the vast majority of amusement-seekers prefer the opera, and the greater the number of operatic performances, the more the concert halls are depleted. During the season just closing, no fewer than 259 representations were given at our opera houses; is it a wonder that the concert virtuosi from abroad are beginning to look on New York as no longer belonging to the "dollar-land"? It is a curious situation; the opera singers get rich here, the concert-givers poor.

Yet conditions are by no means so hopeless as they would seem. The neglect of concerts by the public is, in fact, largely a result of the attitude of the concert-givers toward the public. At the opera houses, the managers offer what people want to hear. In concert halls, audiences—if there are any—have to submit to what the singers and players themselves like, or what they think the public ought to like. Now, what the public does like more than anything else in music, is melody, and this is usually withheld altogether, or served in homœopathic doses, unless a composer happens to be in special favor with the conductors, like Beethoven or Tchaikovsky. There is Dvorák, for instance, a composer who bubbles over with lovely melody and piquant rhythms, and whose orchestral coloring is far more beautiful than that of Richard Strauss; yet, of his many truly popular works we never hear any except the "New World" Symphony. Rubinstein's music is always loudly applauded when the conductors, once in a long while, condescend to produce any of it. Grieg never fails to arouse enthusiasm, but to judge by our programmes one would think he had never written anything but his first "Peer Gynt" suite. These men are melodists *par excellence*, hence, they are tabooed; tabooed, also, are the melodious rhapsodies of Liszt which, at the end of a concert, would stir up the hearers and make them eager to come again.

In place of such melodious music, what do the orchestral conductors produce? The polyphonic puzzles and megatherian "tone-poems" of Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and their imitators, and the misty productions of Debussy, with their elusive tone "wraiths" from which melody is deliberately excluded. It is great fun to conduct and play such things—they show how skilled the performers are—hence, they are conducted and played all the time. Ferdinand Scherber, writing in the *Neue Musikzeitung*, speaks as if there were a regular conspiracy between contemporary composers and critics to banish from the concert stage everything that is easily understood and melodious. Modern music, he declares, has become a "sport" for professionals, a thing to interest only a small minority. It has driven to the variety shows thousands who would have gone to the concert halls, had their appetite for melody been gratified.

If a list were made of the pieces played by pianists in public, it would probably not exceed one hundred, and most of these are of two kinds, being either sonatas which the pianists think the public ought to be educated up to, or show pieces calculated to display their own digital dexterity. With the exception of a few dozen pieces by Chopin and Schumann, it is seldom that the players put on their programmes what might be called the heart music of a composer. How stupidly indifferent the professional pianists are to the wishes of the people was shown at the time when funds were being collected for poor Edward MacDowell on his sickbed. In all musical circles, throughout the United States, he was being talked about, and everybody was eager to hear specimens of his music; yet what happened? Of the foreign pianists, who come over here so eager to make money, Harold Bauer was the only one who paid heed to this natural curiosity; he played the "Eroica" sonata; beside him there was only Miss Augusta Cottlow. As soon as it became known that she made a specialty of MacDowell's music, she received requests for recitals from all over the country, and she owes her national fame to-day largely to her having thus played what the people—the best people—wanted to hear.

The givers of song recitals are even worse than the pianists. Their programmes in general bear out Maurice Renaud's assertion that "musicians do not love masterworks." One wonders, in looking at the average programme, what could have induced its maker to bring together such a hodge-podge of mediocrity and inanity. But the explanation is very simple. Vocalists seldom consider the intrinsic merit of a song; they seek something which is easy to sing and which brings out the most telling qualities of their own voices. Their one idea is to impress the public with their own wonderful accomplishments; it never occurs to them that the kind of people who are likely to attend a song recital would be infinitely more impressed by the genius of Goethe and Schubert, or Heine and Franz, as united in a song, than by their own vocal feats. They have now had an opportunity to realize that this is true, as shown by Dr. Wüllner. He, thank Heaven, had no voice to show off. He simply saturated himself with the great poems and the immortal music set to them, and he aroused a frenzy of enthusiasm. He came to give a score of concerts and gave four-score. *His* concerts paid; he will take back with him a small fortune.

"Mozart: Sein Leben und Schaffen," by Dr. Karl Storck (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeiffer), is a fairly successful effort to furnish the general reader with an analysis of the personal character and of the art of Mozart. The writer finds in the personality of the master the key to his music, and the book is accordingly a close psychological study. Storck, who is also the editor of the letters of Mozart, of Beethoven, and of Schumann, has probably done his best work in this new, attractive, and exhaustive work.

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Art.

Storia dell' Arte Italiana. Da Adolfo Venturi. Vol. VI: La Scultura del Quattrocento. Pp. lii+1180; 781 half-tone cuts. Milan: Hoepli. 30 lire.

In previous notices of Professor Venturi's stupendous history, we have found that its qualities and defects lay in a peculiar and interesting attitude of the author. He follows well-travelled roads in the spirit of a pioneer. Where one expects the geographer, one finds the explorer. He undertakes his gigantic task light-heartedly as a constant adventure, and so throughout he retains his enthusiasm. He is, moreover, an explorer of taste, and if in his capacity as sentimental traveller he at times exaggerates the interest of his discoveries, that, too, is thoroughly in character. That he should often discover what has already been charted, that he should judge too quickly and positively is also inevitable under the circumstances. *Solvitur eundo* is a shade too much his ensign. Every page of the present volume testifies to alert and genial investigation, but one suspects that he prints about as quickly as he writes. On page 662, for example, the Riario tomb in Santi Apostoli, Rome, is by an anonymous imitator of Mino; by page 950 it has become, rightly, we think, a fine work by Andrea Bregno. Such revisions are better made before printing begins. We hasten to add that a procedure which in the volumes on painting is often trying is acceptable in the present volume. Italian sculpture has never had a Cavalcaselle or a Morelli. Since Cicognara, more than a century ago, there has been no such comprehensive survey. We are more inclined, therefore, to be grateful for what is afforded us than to dwell upon defects. Scholars will find in this volume a constant source of suggestion and contention, and they will know how to use it with the necessary reserves. The general reader needs a word of caution, perhaps, that this big tome looks more authoritative than it is.

That Professor Venturi should not know the few fine examples of Italian sculpture in America is natural. He is also much inclined to regard as negligible whatever he must take at second hand. Yet the museums of Boston and New York, and the Widener collection, Philadelphia—to mention only obvious examples—would have furnished him necessary items. In the same way, he is too prone to stigmatize as forgeries works which he knows only in photographs. Sometimes one fears he goes on a calculus of probabilities in rejecting terra-cottas outside of Italy. Whoever declares all exiled Renaissance terra-cottas in public and private galleries to be forgeries will err only in about one case in four. Is Professor Venturi content with this degree of accuracy?

To discuss in detail so extensive a work is, of course, impossible in the limits of a review. We may, however, briefly note points that may specially interest both the student of art and the general reader. The life of Bertoldo is one of the best in the book, abounding in new material. Professor Venturi greatly overpraises that industrious Lombard craftsman, Gian Antonio Amadeo. The triviality of Amadeo is so patent and so generally recognized that we need not argue it. Enough to say that his sculpture is that of a decorator, his architectonic sense *nil*, his decoration rather exuberant than fine. The invention of the lovely frieze of the Portinari Chapel, S. Eustorgio, Milan, seems absolutely beyond his powers. In its execution he may have had some part, as Professor Venturi surmises. One must question also the attribution of the terra-cotta Pietà in S. Satiro, Milan, to Amadeo. The usual attribution to Caradosso is far more acceptable, for the work is plainly that of a transitional sculptor imbued with the dawning ideals of the Golden Age. Andrea Bregno, dominant at Rome in Sixtus IV's time; Giorgio da Sebenico, a vigorous Dalmatian sculptor in the Venetian tradition; Giovanni Dalmata—these are examples of interesting artistic personalities now first brought within the popular ken. Even the fairly experienced student of Italian sculpture will find that to page over this bulky volume is the equivalent of many exploring trips. In such fireside travels, the range of which we have barely suggested, Professor Venturi is always the learned and genial, if at times erratic, guide.

"Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting," by William Bode (London: Duckworth), is among the more recent importations of the Scribners. It is a translation of the second edition of "Rembrandt und seine Zeitgenossen." The encyclopædic director of the Kaiserfriedrichsmuseum never appears to better advantage than when he writes on the painting of the Netherlands, and these essays on Rembrandt, Hals, the Genre Painters, The Landscapists, Still Life men, Van Dyck, and Rubens are welcome in an English dress. Since the collection is already standard, it leaves the critic rather little to say. One might find that undue emphasis is laid upon Rembrandt's realism and his phantasmagoric quality insufficiently brought out. Many will feel that the great superiority of Vermeer of Delf, in his class, might have had fuller recognition. On the other hand, many will find it difficult to accept Dr. Bode's very high estimate of Wouvermans. With his many merits, the rather negative color and generalized textures of this artist seem to relegate him to a lower place. On the very disputable matter of Cuyp, Dr. Bode has almost persuaded us to regard golden mediocrity as greatness. This essay and that on Brouwer are perhaps the best in the collection. Certainly the keenest and most debatable portion of the book is the attempt to identify the early paintings of Van Dyck, particularly those which he executed as Rubens's assistant. In general Dr. Bode contrives to be true to humane criticism without being false to connoisseurship. The English version, by Margaret L. Clarke, is tolerable, but too often defective in idiom. "Sunday" repeatedly applied as an adjective to landscapes means, of course, "holiday" or "festal." The following sentence illustrates certain not uncommon defects of judgment in the author and of style in his translator: "Amongst the Teutons, art repeatedly reached a maturity which can stand comparison with the noblest art phases of the Greeks and Italians." But these are venial blemishes in a usually excellent book. About two score good half-tones, several from little known originals, give a special interest to this edition.

A. Maccallum Scott's "Through Finland" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a somewhat dry, but instructive reference book and guide for travellers. The illustrations are an important feature and give a good idea of the country. There are chapters on Art and Artists, Architecture, and Legends and Literature. The chapter on the architecture of Helsingfors is perhaps the most interesting. The author finds in the building there much that is related to Japanese and other Oriental style, sometimes grotesque, but "the expression of a national temperament, undisciplined as yet, without tradition and without experience, but gaining these as it develops."

Students of architectural style will be interested in the collection of façades and interiors, which is being issued by Nils Wasastjerna, one of the leading architects of Helsingfors. Many details support the above quoted verdict of Mr. Scott (Helsingfors: Helios).

The National Academy of Design has selected the following jury of selection for the winter exhibition of 1909: J. Carroll Beckwith, Edwin H. Blashfield, Howard Russell Butler, Walter Clark, Charles H. Davis, Frederick Dielman, Paul Dougherty, Frank V. Du Mond, Ben Foster, August Franzen, Daniel Chester French, William J. Glackens, Francis C. Jones, F. W. Kost, Will H. Low, Walter L. Palmer, Edward W. Redfield, F. K. M. Rehn, Robert Reid, W. T. Smedley, Henry B. Snell, C. Y. Turner, Henry O. Walker, Harry W. Watrous, J. Carlton Wiggins, Frederick Ballard Williams, and Cullen Yates. The hanging committee is made up of Elliott Daingerfield, J. Alden Weir, and Frederick G. R. Roth. The jury of selection for the annual exhibition of March, 1910, consists of Herbert Adams, John W. Alexander, Hugo Ballin, Gifford Beal, Emil Carlsen, F. S. Church, E. Irving Couse, Kenyon Cox, C. C. Curran, C. Warren Eaton, A. L. Groll, Birge Harrison, Childe Hassam, William H. Howe, William Sergeant Kendall, Louis Loeb, Herman A. MacNeil, J. Francis Murphy, Walter Nettleton, Edward H. Potthast, Henry Prellwitz, Leonard Ochtman, Will S. Robinson, Edmund C. Tarbell, A. T. Van Laer, Douglas Volk, and Irving R. Wiles. The hanging committee will be Gari Melchers, H. Bolton Jones, and Isidore Konti.

The National Academy of Design has elected twelve painters and six sculptors

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as associate members. The painters are Miss Mary Cassatt, Reynolds Beal, Paul Cornoyer, Miss Lydia Field Emmet, George Bellows, Charles Noel Flagg, William J. Hays, George Hitchcock, Arthur Hoeber, Ernest Peixotto, Frederick J. Waugh, and Henry O. Tanner. The sculptors are Lorado Taft, Robert I. Aiken, Augustus Lukeman, Evelyn B. Longman, Attilio Piccarilli, and Henry M. Shrady.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by a group of Boston artists at Macbeth's, till April 29.

At an auction of the paintings of the late John T. Martin, held in this city last week, the following prices were paid: Vibert, The Canon's Dinner, $6,500; Schreyer, Wallachian Post, $7,100; Bargue, The Sentinel, $9,600; Diaz, The Bathers, $6,300; Daubigny, Twilight on the Seine, $13,100; Millet, Going to Work, $50,000; Troyon, Animaux à l'abreuvoir, $25,100; Corot, La Charette, $30,000; Breton, The Reapers' Rest, $6,000; Knaus, the Christening, $8,900; Van Marcke, Cattle, $16,500; De Neuville, Charge of Dragoons at Gravelotte, $10,200. Mr. Martin had bought the Millet in 1882 for $14,000.

Edward H. Barnard, the landscape painter, died April 16 at Westerly, Mass., at the age of fifty-three. Mr. Barnard first studied architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but later became a student at the Boston Art Museum. He then went to Paris as a pupil of Julian, and each year of his stay abroad he exhibited a picture in the Salon. Returning to America he opened a studio in Boston.

The death is announced in Edinburgh of W. Beattie Brown, the landscape artist, at the age of eighty-six. He had exhibited annually at the Royal Scottish Academy since 1848.

Finance.

History of the Bank of England. By A. Andréadès; translated by C. Meredith, with a preface by H. S. Foxwell. London: P. S. King.

With all that Englishmen have written concerning their greatest financial institution, it has remained for a Greek to write in French, and primarily for French readers, the first complete history of the Bank of England. Since the work had to be done by a foreigner, it is by all means fitting that an English translation should be forthcoming; and Professor Foxwell's appreciative, yet discriminating, introduction adds materially to the value of the volume.

Professor Andréadès traces briefly the development of banking in England prior to the establishment of the Bank, and then discusses the foundation and organization of that institution. He does full justice to the economic and political conditions leading to the creation of the Bank, but deals very imperfectly with the interesting and little-known literature upon the subject of banking that appeared in England between 1650 and 1700. The early vicissitudes of the Bank are then narrated, as well as its discreditable record during the period of the South Sea Company. He makes it clear that the Bank would have seriously compromised itself if its enemies had not secured the rejection of its proposals, and that it finally avoided disaster "only by breaking its word" and "using methods unworthy of a great establishment."

The history of the next seventy years is briefly sketched, and it must be said that the author has not treated adequately the relation of the Bank to the development of banking facilities in England. The critical period from 1793 to 1819 is more fully considered, the author, upon the whole, inclining to the traditional view that the policy of the directors was fundamentally unsound and at times positively reckless. It is at this point that Professor Foxwell takes issue with him, pointing out that the real cause of restriction was the "persistent demands" of the government upon the Bank, and that the critics have never given due weight to the practical difficulties of the situation. Discussion of what might have been is usually unsatisfactory; but Professor Foxwell is on secure ground when he shows that even the severest critics admit that, prior to 1808, there was "no substantial ground for complaint" concerning the policy of the Bank; and that thereafter, with the usury law forbidding a higher rate than 5 per cent., the Bank could not control speculation by the modern expedient of raising the rate of interest. Most of the troubles attending restriction, Professor Foxwell thinks, were due "to the rapid growth and reckless advances of the country banks," the Bank of England being "practically responsible for the solvency of this crowd of small, ill-managed institutions," but not daring to "call them to account, on peril of provoking a general collapse of credit." Some of the policies and many of the arguments of the directors Professor Foxwell is, of course, obliged to disapprove; but in the main he believes that their action was "guided by sound instinct." In the interest both of historical truth and sound economic theory, it is greatly to be hoped that Professor Foxwell will find opportunity to write a thorough account of this most interesting chapter of financial history.

During the twenty years following resumption, Professor Andréadès shows that the policy of the Bank was frequently far from prudent, particularly during the crises of 1825-6 and 1837-9. He then considers the Bank Act of 1844 and the discussions that led to its enactment. In this part of his field he does little more than give a competent account of main events, and manifests some desire to avoid subjects about which so much controversial ink has been spilled. He notes a growing tendency of economists and financiers to accept the conditions created by the Act of 1844, but observes also that Mr. Palgrave and others believe that it is necessary to strengthen the reserve of the Bank, in view of present-day conditions, and give greater elasticity to note issues. To this latter opinion Professor Foxwell strongly inclines. The "constitution and policy of national banks" he regards as "in some respects the supreme economic question of the day"; and he believes that "institutions wielding national resources and under the direction of men representing general public interests" are imperatively demanded by the conditions of modern finance.

A second and revised edition of "American Railway Transportation," by Emory R. Johnson, has recently appeared (see the *Nation* December 31, 1903, p. 532). The book is unchanged in its plan and scope, the need for a revision being found in the rapid advance which has been made in railway practice and railway regulation since the appearance of the treatise in 1903. Statistics and bibliography have been brought down to date, and the State and interstate legislation of the last few years has been summarized. The book still continues to be the only available comprehensive treatment of the railway question in the United States.

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Allen, William H. Civics and Health. Ginn.

Baedeker, Karl. Central Italy and Rome. Scribner. $2.25 net.

Bell, J. J. Oh! Christina! Fleming H. Revell Co. 60 cents net.

Bernard, Auguste. Geofroy Tory, Painter and Engraver: Reformer of Orthography and Typography Under François I. Translated by George B. Ives. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Block, Louis James. The World's Triumph: A Play. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Broughton, Len G. Religion and Health. Fleming H. Revell. 25 cents net.

Bryan, James Wallace. The Development of the English Law of Conspiracy. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Clarke, John H. Vital Economy; or How to Conserve Your Strength. A. Wessels. 30 cents net.

Curties, Henry. A Bride on Trust. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.

Danby, Frank. Sebastian. Macmillan. $1.50.

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Davis, Charles Belmont. The Lodger Overhead, and Others. Scribner. $1.50.
Denison, George T. The Struggle for Imperial Duty. Macmillan.
Dye, John T. Ideals of Democracy: Conversations in a Smoking Car. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Engineering Index Manual for 1908. Engineering Magazine.
Fletcher, Giles and Phineas. Poetical Works. Edited by Frederick S. Boas. Vol. II. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Fyvie, John. Tragedy Queens of the Georgian Era. Dutton. $4 net.
Geden, Alfred S. Outlines of Introduction to the Hebrew Bible. Scribner. $3.50 net.
George, Mademoiselle. Memoirs. Edited by Paul Cheramy. John McBride Co. $2.50 net.
Going, Charles Buxton. Star-Glow and Song. Harper. $1.20 net.
Gummere, Francis B. The Oldest English Epic: Beowulf, etc. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
Hall, Charles Cuthbert. Christ and the Eastern Soul. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.
Jordan, W. G. Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought. Scribner. $3 net.
Jourdain, M. Old Lace: A Handbook for Collectors. Scribner. $4.50 net.
Kidder, F. E. Building Construction and Superintendence. William T. Comstock. $6.
King, Charles. Lanier of the Cavalry; or A Week's Arrest. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Library of Southern Literature. Edited by Edwin Anderson Alderman, Joel Chandler Harris, and Charles William Kent. Vols. I. and II. New Orleans: Martin & Hoyt Co.
Moore, Frank Frankfort. A Georgian Pageant. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Morgan, G. Campbell. Mountains and Valleys in the Ministry of Jesus. Fleming H. Revel.
Moss, James A. Officers' Manual. Fort Leavenworth, Kansas: U. S. Cavalry Association.
Myers, Cortland. The Real Holy Spirit. Fleming H. Revell. 50 cents net.
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